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SIXPENCE.

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A NEW SPORT FOR WOMEN-SWIMMERS: LANDING HUMAN FISH.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

Women-swimmers might find it amusing to emulate the sport that has lately been amusing the New Yorkers, who have seen a famous tarpon-fisher conquer the strongest swimmer with rod and reel. Ladies of the Bath Club might take the hint.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

LAST week I made some remarks about St. George's Day and the possible advantages of such a festival. We have this week another occasion, which raises somewhat the same question; I mean the 1st of May. May Day is an old festival which, oddly enough, has been to some extent revived by a new sect. The Socialists have long desired to make it a public holiday, calling it Labour Day—that is, a day on which no one shall labour. In this and in many other things the Socialist reaffirms the Middle Ages. The common complaint against St. George's Day, as I suggested last week, would probably be the fact that the saint is shadowy. The objection to the festival of May Day will probably be that it is raining. It would be easy to make a comic sketch of the flower-crowned revellers shivering in the English spring. But, indeed, this second objection misses the true nature of the festival, just as the other objection missed the true nature of a patron saint. It is better that the figure of a saint should be misty. It is better that the weather of a feast-day should be misty. The best festivals of all are those held in the heart of fog or snow, like Christmas Day. Fine weather encourages individualism. When the whole glittering landscape is cut out as clear as a map—indented by the blue sky as by a blue sea, then each one of us wishes to take his own way, to walk by himself along the roads of the world and conquer for himself the cities of the morning. In the sunlight a man asks for liberty, which is only the divine name for loneliness. But it is in black and bleak conditions that we learn that it is not well for man to be alone; and festivity was discovered in the darkness. Winter encourages that thing called comradeship which modern humanitarians so often seem unable to understand, but which Walt Whitman so wisely perceived to be the permanent foundation of democracy. There is another thing I know which can be called comradeship, and which humanitarians do understand; the thing they call communion with nature. Summer does encourage the illusion (for it is an illusion) that one thing in the cosmos is as good as another, that we are finally attached to nothing, that we can enjoy and forget all things. On a bright blue day a man is apt to feel that he is a comrade of the birds of the trees and even of the stones, and that he is a comrade of man, no less and no more. But in winter he will discover that, however happy we may be, we are still an army marching in a hostile country, and that no trees and no stones and no stars can give any adequate symbol of the thing that binds us together. Hence the instinct of mankind has commonly put its most solemn festivals either in winter or in early spring: at any rate, in the cold, like May Day.

Summer festivals are certainly, as a rule, more beautiful; but it is quite a mistake to suppose that the main use of a ceremony is to be beautiful. It is the mistake made by William Morris, I think, and all his school. The object of a ceremony is not to be beautiful, though that is a valuable element. The object of a ceremony is to be ceremonious. Ritual is a need of the human soul—nay, it is rather a need of the human body, like exercise. A man does not take off his hat to a lady because he looks nicer without it; the instance of bald men would be alone sufficient to upset such an explanation. He does it because you must positively do something when you meet a lady, or your whole civilisation goes to pieces; and taking off your hat is easier than taking off your necktie or lying face downwards on the pavement. The primary point is that you must do something, not that you must do something beautiful. And as long as cultivated people cannot grasp this fact, they will find their efforts quite futile in dealing with what they often consider the dullness of the middle classes, or the vulgarity and morbidity of the poor. In so far as the bourgeois thinks it more important to wear a Sunday hat than a becoming hat, he is perfectly right. It is more important; the religion of the tribe is more important than the pretty appearance of Mr. Jones. In so far as the charwoman thinks it more important that her husband should have a "proper" funeral than a pretty funeral, she is perfectly right. It is more important; decorum is as permanent a human sentiment as art, and a much more pressing one. Any healthy savage would understand the charwoman's sentiments exactly, and perhaps alarm her with demonstrations of barbaric approval. He would also understand perfectly the sentiment of a Sunday hat. I believe in savages myself; I think that in a great many matters they represent the enduring commonsense and moral minimum of humanity. But there is nothing which I so sincerely respect in savages as their widespread and generally ascertained disposition to wear top-hats.

The incident of the ladies who roared like lions behind the bars of their cage in the House of Commons, and struck terror into every heart, is not unconnected with that question of human companionship of which I spoke a moment ago. Of course it is unfair, as many writers have suggested, to judge even of the extreme

suffrage party by that delightful episode. But the peculiar quality about it, I think, was not its violence, but rather its tameness; at least, the intrinsic tameness of the situation. There is nothing that indicates the presence or absence of a political instinct so much as the exquisite and artistic appreciation of when to break the law. There are two types of occasion, I think, when it may be effective if not justifiable. One is when you are in an enormous majority debarred from legal action; when the whole people is roaring round the walls of an arbitrary Senate. The other is when you are in a hopeless minority, and nobody will listen to you at all, except you are crucified. Neither of these conditions existed in the case under consideration. The ladies behind the grating were not the leaders of an extremely popular cause or of an extremely unpopular cause. They were not the voices of a universal demand, even of their own sex. They could not have got six women in twenty-six in the Battersea High Road to follow them. Neither, on the other hand, were they a persecuted minority to whom only an act of extravagance could call attention. On the contrary, the very assembly which they insulted, the chief assembly in the land, was discussing their cause, casually indeed and tepidly, but quite receptively and openly. Female Suffrage was considered much more respectfully in the House which they vituperated than it would have been in any one of the ordinary popular streets through which they passed. Mr. Cremer treated the subject (to my mind) with a needless and misleading flippancy; but he was more respectful to it than a coal-heaver would have been. In fact, we may fairly say that the Female Suffragists made a point of affronting and infuriating about the only collection of average men in England which probably has a majority for Female Suffrage.

I know that there are some who say that it does not at all matter to the Female Suffrage question whether the mass of ordinary women (of women, for instance, in the Battersea High Road) agree with it or not. It seems to me to matter enormously. Essential democracy is surely much more important than formal democracy; and therefore it is far less important to know how people vote than to know what people want. Democracy is the enthronement of the ordinary man; if it is not that, what is it? The point is not that his will is to be done because he has got the vote. He has got the vote because his will is to be done. If his will were not to have the vote, that also should be done. To say that it is of little moment whether most women want Female Suffrage is an absurdity, and something almost like a contradiction in terms. It means practically this: that women are to vote upon everything except upon Female Suffrage.

And I will confess to the dark conviction that keeps my enthusiasm in abeyance on this subject: I mean the conviction that the vast majority of normal women not only do not want Female Suffrage, but actively detest and despise it. Mr. Max Beerbohm, I see, remarked the other day that in his opinion women were unable intellectually to create or achieve. I think it quite a mistake to put it on this intellectual ground; it is a little supercilious, and it is to a great extent untrue. Women are as intellectual as the Devil in their own way. The real difference is not intellectual, but moral. A sister might be sixty times cleverer than her brother, and yet not half so fitted to vote. For voting (which means governing in council) does not presuppose intellect particularly: monkeys do it, for all I know. But it does presuppose camaraderie, a constant habit of dealing with your equals; the habit of the herd—gregariousness. As I said before, Whitman was quite finally accurate when he said that comradeship was the basis of all democracy. And women never have comradeship; never. It is a slander and a lie, undoubtedly, to say that women never have friendships with each other: women can have anything that involves individual devotion. But comradeship is quite a different thing from friendship. You do not find a woman wandering about all day with any five women, whoever they are. You do not find a woman sitting up all night to argue about God or golf with any nine women, whoever they are. Any conversation between five women is personal; also it is always short. Any conversation between five men is impersonal; no one can remember afterwards who said the best things: they were said by the Conversation itself, by the spirit of the whole, by the Community. Women are always in crucial attitudes towards others, attitudes that forbid the equal relation and the equal sentiment. Women are always either protecting or being protected. They are born despots and priests. They understand the most terrible secrets of the human heart; they overlook all our masculine existence with a kind of sacred satire; they have weighed the weakness of the whole world; they understand, I think, nearly everything. There are only three things they do not understand at all: Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

This may appear to some a rather dangerous digression; but it is nevertheless relevant to the remark previously made: that this Female Suffrage demonstration in the House of Commons is curiously like the act of a non-political creature, not because it is anarchism, but because it is disproportionate anarchism—anarchism at the wrong moment and in the wrong manner. It is as if a woman had heard that a man was sometimes justified in holding a pistol to the head of another man, and should immediately rush off and put a revolver to the head of her butcher and command him to sell her a pound of meat. The action in the Ladies' Gallery can only be justified by the principle that anybody who thinks any measure is being neglected by the House of Commons can go and boo at it; on which principle, I, for one, should be booing in the Gallery for the greater part of my life. There was nothing exceptional about the atmosphere in their case; and the first principle of political sagacity is to do exceptional things only in an exceptional atmosphere. Waste anything else you like on unworthy objects—money, time, and even affection. But do not waste violence; it is too precious.

REVOLUTIONARY PARIS.

BY PARISIAN.

NOT long ago red posters made a momentary appearance on the walls of Paris. Red was the colour, and red the language of the documents. They incited the young soldier of France, the "pioupiou," to rebel against his officers. "In case of a strike," said the author of these inflammatory appeals, "do not shoot your fellow working-men, but the old fogies who command you." There were other incitements to run away from the enemy and to desert on the first occasion. The manifestoes were suppressed, and the billposters lodged in prison; but this is merely to touch the fringe of the matter. Two days before this outbreak of sedition, a journal known as the *Voix du Peuple* published a special number for the benefit of the conscripts who are now joining their regiments. Two hundred thousand copies were printed and distributed all over the country. In an article specially dedicated to "The Blues," the generic name of the soldier in France, the writer advised an insurrection at the moment of a declaration of war. One of the apostles of this movement is Professor Hervé, who was on the teaching body of a Provincial College until "disciplined" for a speech in which he suggested the placing of the tricolour on the barracks' dung-heap. Even authority itself betrays a disposition to flirt with insurrection that is disconcerting to bourgeois feeling. At Longwy, during a recent strike, M. Berteaux, the Minister of War, is said to have saluted the red flag, the emblem of Revolution, as it was borne past him by a procession of strikers singing the "Internationale." This is a song of a particularly ferocious description, which tells the conscript that bullets are made for Generals.

It is evident enough that there is a seething of Socialism and Anarchy in the cauldron of French political life. No manoeuvres pass without instances of refusals of obedience by men to officers; sometimes those refusals extend to entire companies, which was the case during the manoeuvres in the West last year. Needless to say, the incident was not reported in the daily Press. A strange and startling light is thrown on the existence of revolutionary elements in Paris by the publication of a book which is the result, evidently, of long and close acquaintance with these by-paths of political faith—"Paris and the Social Revolution" (Hutchinson and Co.). The writer, Mr. Allan F. Sanborn, an American, knows his revolutionary Bohemia as few outsiders can know it. He tells us he is no Anarchist, and he has written a preface to prove it; but there is an obvious sympathy with the holders of extreme views right throughout the book. Mr. Sanborn has much of deep interest to tell of these Ishmaelites, whose hand is against every man in authority. It is difficult to draw the line between the Anarchist and the revolutionary Socialist, though the Socialist of the unrevolutionary kind is not to be confounded with the Anarchist, and, indeed, the two are generally at daggers drawn, but the sections are apt to fuse in their common hate of the Army. Both are anti-militarist, as one of their first principles of thought and action.

The ordinary type of Socialist sheet is common enough in Paris, and is known as the "advanced guard." One which makes a reputable appearance each morning on the Boulevards, and is under responsible editorship, employs an Anarchist poet on its staff; but in addition there is the regular, or, rather, irregular Anarchist Press, which issues furtively from time to time in some small printing-office in a back street. Some of these organs have even been inspired by the police, Mr. Sanborn assures us, in the hopes of spreading dissension in the ranks and, also, no doubt, as a means of identification of members of the party. The Anarchist has his notions of humour, and sometimes sends his journal through the post under a perfectly innocuous title: it may be *Agricultural Notes* or *Biblical Criticism*; it is a matter of indifference to him. As a fact, the distribution presents one of the great difficulties of the Anarchist newspaper. None of the kiosks like to touch it for fear it should bring upon the news vendor the attention of the police; in the same way the *concierge*, who is very much of a spy in Paris, makes it a difficulty to receive the journal at home without being compromised. It pricks the Anarchist to the heart to appeal for money—money to him is so much dross, only fit for bourgeois worship—but he is forced in his journal to remind the *camarades* that the sheet cannot appear without funds.

This strange class contains most of the private virtues, if in public its life is one long protest against the canons of constituted society. It may throw bombs in the street to avenge some principle of liberty, but in the home circle it will protect a widowed mother from want, make astounding sacrifices for the education of the children, and even adopt the waif in danger of starvation. Mr. Sanborn has much to say of the "sweetness and light" of the philosophical Anarchist, just as he declares that those who carry on *la propagande par le fait* generally do so from motives which are entirely disinterested. If they steal, they steal to help on the cause and because they think the hungry are plainly justified in taking for their needs; if they wound innocent people by their bombs, they are yet moved to extraordinary pangs by the sufferings of white mice forced to revolve perpetually in their cage.

One of the most interesting chapters of a work that rises, at times, to great eloquence, deals with the Socialism and latent anarchy of the Quarter. The Latin Quarter of Henri Mürger, whose incomparable "Vie de Bohème" is the real "Trilby," is the nursery of Revolution. "When the students sing the 'Carmagnole,' then all France trembles." The student does everything with enthusiasm and impetuosity. He is ready ever to put a gun to his shoulder and stand behind a barricade, if, by so doing, he may emphasize a great principle. True, he has had no occasion these last few years, but the old fire is there, ready to burn up on provocation.

PARLIAMENT.

ECONOMY has shown her stern face in the House of Commons. Mr. Weir, followed by the Tories, objected to the salary of £2000 paid to the Lord President of the Council. Colonel Legge thought that a gramophone could perform at much less cost the duties required of Lord Crewe in the House of Lords. The Committee, however, gave the Government a majority of 98. Lord Turnour was anxious to obtain details of the item of £60 for "washing" in the Privy Council expenses. The Midland Railway Bill was ordered for third reading after an intimation by Colonel Lockwood that the question of providing third-class sleeping-carriages would be referred to the company.

The second reading of Mr. Mackarness's Bill for amending the Housing of the Working Classes Act so as to simplify the building of cottages in villages and country districts, was agreed to and referred to a Select Committee on Mr. John Burns' sympathetic suggestion. This Bill would allow the Rural District Council not only to build a cottage, but to give with it as much as three acres of ground.

Mr. Asquith's first Budget, "a jungle of technicalities and a forest of figures," was introduced in a business-like speech lasting an hour and fifty minutes. The revenue had exceeded the estimate by £1,524,000, while expenditure was less by £1,520,000. Next Budget the Chancellor hoped to be able to announce, without any weakening of the national service, a substantial reduction in cost. Picture postcards, "with which some of us are painfully familiar," had vastly increased the Post Office business. The growth of temperance, however, had seriously affected the revenue from Customs and Excise. The days when it used to be said that we drank ourselves out of the Alabama claims do not seem likely to return. Adding a million from his estimated surplus and from the Chinese indemnity, the Chancellor expected to reduce the total indebtedness of the country by £9,000,000 net. That country, he incidentally remarked, had to a large degree been built up, defended, and developed on borrowed money. £135,000 would be devoted to relieving the rates of necessitous school districts, of which East and West Ham are types; £105,000 would be granted to that "sturdy and valiant beggar," the Postmaster-General, for the improvement of postal and telegraph facilities. Income tax, although its present high rate was indefensible, could not be touched this year, but a Committee would consider its graduation and differentiation. The duty on strip-tobacco would be reduced from 3s. 3d. to 3s. 0d. The coal tax would be repealed as from Nov. 1, and the duty on tea reduced by 1d. as from May 14. In the absence through illness of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the criticisms were rather desultory. The necessary resolutions were passed at once, with the exception of that on the tea duty, which enabled the discussion to proceed on Tuesday.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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DELAGOA BAY, INVATI May 10.
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THE WARWICK PAGEANT

(On the Banks of Shakespeare's Avon),
in the
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS
of
WARWICK CASTLE,
JULY 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1906,
Living, Moving, Speaking Pictures of the History of England,
from A.D. 40 to A.D. 1691.

This GREAT FOLK PLAY, organised and conducted by
LOUIS N. PARKER
(Author of "Rosemary," "The Cardinal," &c., &c.),
Will be acted by TWO THOUSAND Inhabitants of Warwick, in Magnificent Costumes, accurately copied from contemporary designs. COVERED AUDITORIUM.
EVERY SEAT NUMBERED AND RESERVED.
Prices: £2 2s., £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. 6d.
Early application advisable.
For Seats, Lodgings, and all information, apply to
THE SECRETARY, WARWICK PAGEANT, WARWICK.

STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN, called "Rode Violin"; has been the property of Paganini, and later of Lipinsky. Magnificent specimen, beautiful original varnish, no cracks, for sale. Dr. Hellmann's Apotheke, Vienna VII/3, Austria.

GRAND HOTEL, BRUNNEN, Lake of Lucerne.
First Class. MOST IMPORTANT HOTEL IN SWITZERLAND, opened 1904.
Latest Baths and Sanitation. Central Heating.
Magnificent Hall and Terrace. Finest View and Excursion Centre. Immense Private Park.
Music, Tennis, Fishing, Boating. Auto Garage.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The King on Vesuvius. The King was exceedingly anxious not to leave Naples without ascending Vesuvius and visiting Professor Matteucci at the Observatory, and on April 30 his Majesty had his wish. Amid a scene of great enthusiasm King Edward left Naples for the mountain. The Neapolitans crowded their balconies, terraces, and roofs to watch the departure of the motor-cars conveying his Majesty, the Duke of Aosta, and the suite, and as the party appeared rousing cheers were given, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the children threw kisses. Shouts of "Long live the King" and "God bless the friend of Naples" resounded on all sides. Before setting out the King had taken a long walk through the city, where he was respectfully saluted but not crowded. He declared that he felt as free and safe as in his own London. The ascent to the Observatory occupied two hours and twenty minutes. Professor Matteucci received his Majesty and gave a minute account of the eruption, showing the King his records, instruments, and the volcanic collections illustrating the last and former outbursts. Afterwards the King ascended the slopes above the Observatory, making a toilsome progress over deep ashes scarcely cooled. The same day the King left Naples for home.

Portraits.

Sir Edward Albert Stone has been appointed by the King to be Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Western Australia. Sir Edward, who was born in 1844, is the second son of the late Hon. G. F. Stone, Attorney-General of the colony. Since 1901 he has been Chief Justice at Perth, Western Australia. He was educated at Chigwell, in Essex, and in 1865 was called to the West Australian Bar. He has been Clerk to the Legislative Council, Acting Attorney-General, Acting Chief Justice, Crown Solicitor, and Puisne Judge.

Sir David Dale, of West Lodge, Darlington, who died of heart failure on April 28, was chairman of Pease and Partners, Limited, and the Consett Iron Company; and was also a director of the North-Eastern Railway Company.



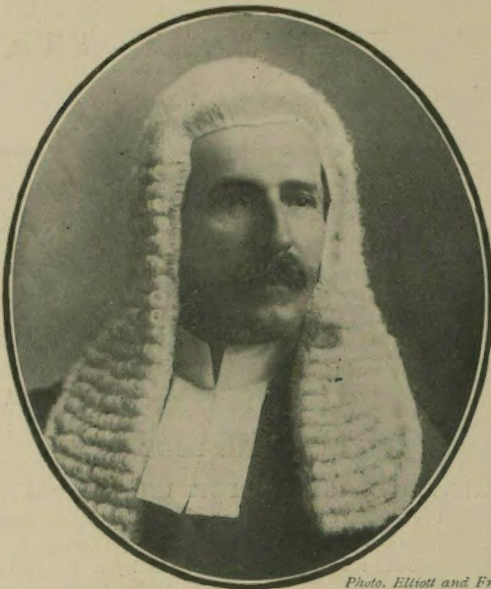
THE LATE SIR DAVID DALE,
Great Ironmaster.

Political Resident at the Nawab's Court. Sir David was educated for commerce, and first entered the offices of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, where, at the age of twenty-three, he became secretary of the Middlesbrough and Guisborough section. Six years later he became one of the lessees of the Shildon Locomotive Works, and afterwards he turned his attention to iron, and became a managing director of the Consett Iron Company. In 1866 he added shipbuilding to his other enterprises, and brought about the amalgamation of three important firms. Soon afterwards he was called in to manage the great coal and iron businesses of the Messrs. Pease, and when that concern was turned into a public company he became chairman and managing director. He interested himself in the movement for settling trade disputes by arbitration, and brought about the establishment of the Arbitration Board for the iron and steel trade of the North of England. In 1890 he was one of the plenipotentiaries appointed by the British Government to attend the Labour Conference convened in Berlin by the German Emperor. Sir David was one of the founders of the Iron and Steel Institute, and served on several Royal Commissions. He was a Liberal, but would never consent to stand for Parliament.

Commander James Frederick Hodgetts, H.E.I.C.S., who died in London on April 24 in his seventy-ninth year, was best known as a writer of boys' stories. These appeared for the most part in the *Boy's Own Paper*. His first work was "Harold, the Boy Earl." Besides fiction he wrote many archaeological works, of which the chief are his "Older England," "The English in the Middle Ages," and "Greater Britain," in the last of which he advocated the consolidation of our Colonial Empire. When he left the Indian Navy, on account of his health, Commander Hodgetts was appointed Professor of Seamanship at the Royal Prussian Naval Cadet School in Berlin, and he afterwards held a professorial appointment in Moscow.

Mr. Charles Louis Buxton, of Bolwick, Marsham, in Norfolk, who died on April 23, in his sixtieth year, was the sixth son of the late Sir E. N. Buxton, Bart., of Cromer. Mr. Buxton resided constantly at his country home, and devoted himself to county administration. For many years he was chairman of the Bench at Aylsham, and since the foundation of the County Council for the Buxton Division of Norfolk he had been a member

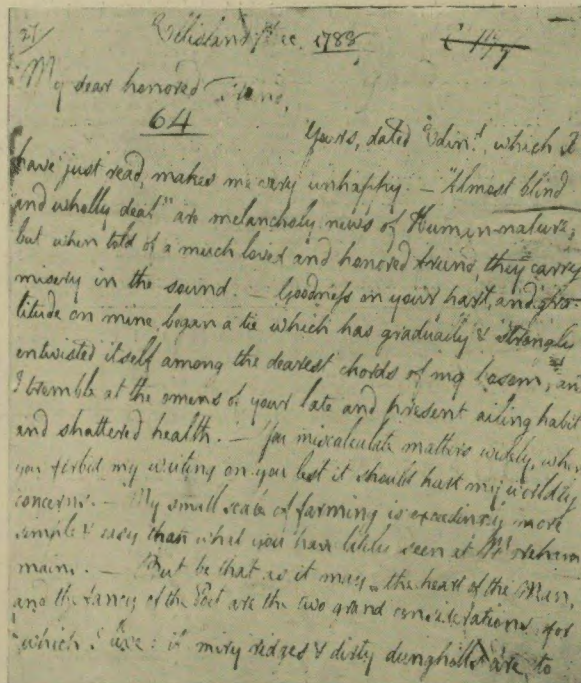
of that body. He took a leading part on the Education and the Allotments Committees. For the last twenty years he had been Chairman of the North Norfolk



SIR E. A. STONE,
New Lieutenant-Governor of Western Australia.

Liberal Association. In 1873 Mr. Buxton married Maria, daughter of the Rev. H. J. Lee Warner.

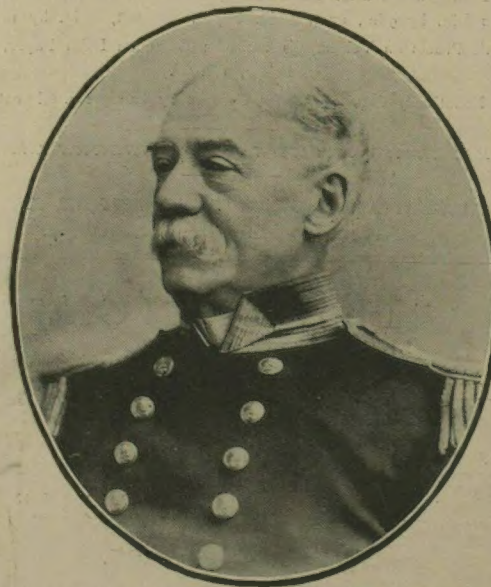
Mr. Asquith's Budget Speech. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be congratulated upon his first Budget speech, even though political opponents may choose to point out that Mr. Austen Chamberlain had left his house in order.



AN INTERESTING BURNS LETTER RECENTLY UNDER THE HAMMER.

The letter, reproduced by the courtesy of the purchaser, Mr. Quaritch, commanded a record price. It was written in December 1788 to the poet's bosom-friend, Mrs. Dunlop. In it Burns says: "I am just now revolution mad."

There is an estimated surplus of £3,000,000, of which half a million goes to the Debt Charge, £135,000 to necessitous schools, and £105,000 to the Post Office. These arrangements dispose of nearly three-quarters of



THE LATE COMMANDER HODGETTS,
Writer of Boys' Stories.

a million, and nearly two millions are devoted to the reduction of taxation. The export duty on coal is to be repealed from the 1st of next November, the attendant loss to the Revenue being estimated at £1,000,000, and a

penny comes off the tea duty. If this abatement should lead to the disappearance of the posters and the doggerel rhymes from which our hoardings have suffered for months past, opposition will certainly be disarmed. Indeed, it is interesting to note that the debate upon the Budget was cut short because Mr. Balfour on behalf of his followers does not consider the issues that it raises to be seriously controversial. There are several points of interest in Mr. Asquith's speech, and the Temperance Party will note with sincere satisfaction that the income derived from wine, spirits, and beer has fallen by some £600,000. The General Election and picture postcards between them have added nearly half a million to the Post-office and Telegraph services, and though we may presume that the Chancellor does not look to another General Election to increase next year's surplus, he may be justified in believing that picture postcards are only in the early days of their popularity. Mr. Asquith sounded a note of warning in dealing with the estimated expenditure on Supply Services, remarking that the sum required, £111,000,000, is gigantic and excessive. He declared that he proposes to put an end to loans for military and naval works, and that he hopes to announce next year that substantial savings have been effected without weakening the efficiency of the national services. The speech was very favourably received, the only point seriously challenged by Mr. Balfour being the one relating to loans for military and naval works.

New Play at the Garrick.

The thunders of rhetoric which, as directed against smart society's follies, produced so effective a *coup-de-théâtre* in

Mr. Sutro's popular drama of "The Walls of Jericho," the pretty touches of domestic sentiment which lent such charm to the same author's timidly unconventional story of "The Perfect Lover," are alike abandoned by him in his new Garrick play, "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." This time Mr. Sutro has tried—with no small success—to work the vein of frivolous, irresponsible comedy, borrowing Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's familiar formula, which places a lady, along with a man of her acquaintance, in a highly compromising position. If the whole piece had kept to the level of the motor-car episode of its third act, if the playwright's general treatment of his theme had been on the lines which he allows his heroine to adopt on finding that she has been kidnapped by the notorious philanthropist, Mr. Vanderveldt, that she may be forced into

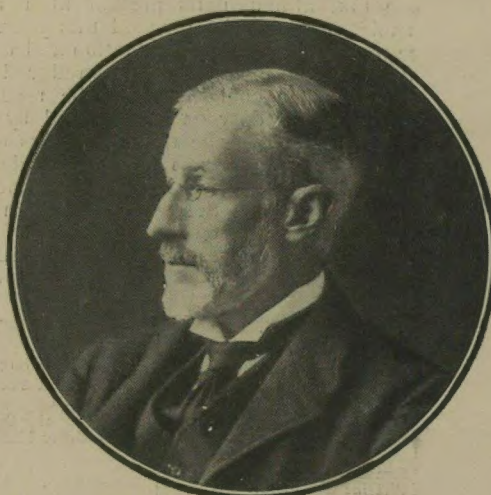
accepting his offer of marriage—when, instead of waxing irate, she laughs good-humouredly over his audacious impudence—Mr. Sutro might then have been congratulated without reservation upon his new departure. But, in point of fact, the dramatist has not allowed himself material enough for a full-sized comedy, and so he is unable always to maintain the proper atmosphere of cheerful levity. To fill out his scheme, for instance, he introduces into his first act a character, one of the philanthropist's victims, which passes straightway right out of the story; and throughout his play Mr. Sutro commits the error of showing us more of the ugly, caddish side than of the fascinating, conquering manner of Mr. Vanderveldt. To some extent, Mr. Arthur Bourchier must share the blame with the author of giving to what should be an airy trifle the occasional appearance of heaviness; whereas Miss Violet Vanbrugh adopts for the moods of the compromised widow, Lady Clarice Howland, just the right tone of light-hearted gaiety. Mr. Bourchier makes Mr. Vanderveldt rather too solid and raffish an amorist, and substitutes breezy, good temper for Vanderveldt's supposed "fascination." Mr. Sutro's stage-craft, however, is so neat, his intermittent sallies of wit are so happy, and his management of his chief situation is so piquant, that Garrick playgoers may count on "Mr. Vanderveldt's" providing them with sufficiently genial entertainment.

Miss Terry's Jubilee at His Majesty's.

On April 27, after the last word of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Mr. Tree, still in the character of Falstaff, intercepted Miss Ellen Terry, in the character of Mistress Page, as she was leaving the stage, and addressed her in lines written by Mr. Louis N. Parker for the occasion—

Stand here, dear sister-artist, Britain's pride,
The Genius of her stage personified,
Queenlike, pathetic, tragic, tender, merry—
O rare, O sweet, O wondrous Ellen Terry!

He congratulated Miss Terry on her fifty years as an actress. Miss Terry, in reply, confessed that she "could not find a word," but a dove opportunely descended and gave the actress her cue. She then replied in a pretty speech, and the house exhausted itself in enthusiasm. The "scenelet" was prettily devised and cleverly stage-managed. Afterwards Mr. Findon presented a casket from the Playgoers' Club.

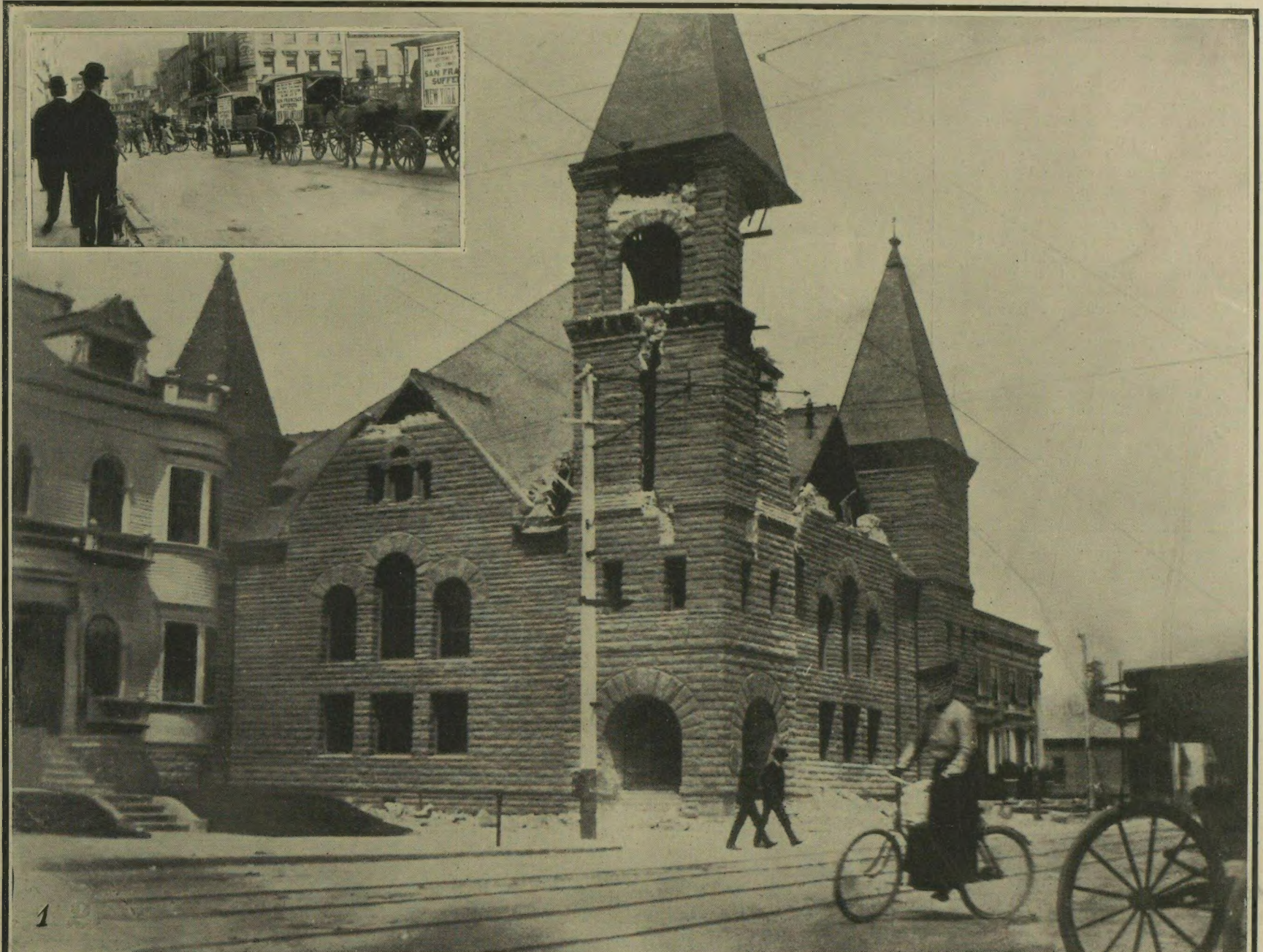


THE LATE MR. C. L. BUXTON,
Chairman, North Norfolk Liberal Association.

EARTHQUAKE ACTUALITIES: FIRST SAN FRANCISCO PHOTOGRAPHS.

NEW YORK'S AID: NEWSPAPER-WAGONS COLLECTING CLOTHING AND FOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU



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2

1. EFFECT OF THE SHOCK ON A STONE AND STEEL BUILDING: THE BAPTIST CHAPEL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

2. EFFECT OF THE SHOCK ON A WOOD FRAME BUILDING: A TYPICAL FRAME HOUSE DISTORTED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

At San Francisco the wood buildings, or frame houses as they are called, suffered most severely in the earthquake. The stone and steel-frame buildings, though badly damaged, remained standing until they were destroyed by the fire. The pictures illustrate the different effects of the shock upon the two kinds of buildings.

Anglo-Turkish Relations. The questions relating to Turkish aggressions in the Sinaitic Peninsula have been transferred from Cairo to London, and our Foreign Office is now dealing direct with the Porte. The situation at the time of writing is a serious one, and may be held to be accountable in part for King Edward's prompt return to his capital. The attitude of the Sultan is unsatisfactory in the extreme. Not only has he refused to withdraw the garrisons from the disputed points pending the establishment of a Commission for the delimitation of the disputed frontier, but there is reason to believe that additional artillery has been sent to the disputed points *via* Beirut and Damascus, and that existing frontier posts have been destroyed. It is significant that the strained relations between Great Britain and Turkey coincide with an attempted rising in the Phala district of Tunisia, though it is fair to add that there is no reason to assert that this is more than a local outbreak. If the Padishah has relied upon the change of Government in this country, and has thought that a Liberal Government would be slow to assert British Imperial rights, he is doomed to disappointment. Orders have been sent for the prompt increase of the army of occupation, and certain regiments are already on their way to Cairo. The present war-footing of the Egyptian Army is about 27,000 men, the peace-footing about 16,000, but



Photo. Branger.

THE DYNAMITE SCARE IN PARIS: ARGENTEUIL BRIDGE GUARDED.
As a prelude to the expected riots on May Day, some ruffian, probably a lunatic, exploded a bomb at the Argenteuil railway bridge, in hopes, it is believed, of blowing up a troop-train en route for Paris. A guard was mounted on the spot.

should the expedition against Bambaata fail to secure its objects speedily. Happily, there is no attempt in Natal to minimise the dangers, and preparations are being made for all eventualities.

The Ethiopian Paris. On another page we illustrate the Abyssinian expedition to Djimmah, undertaken by Menelik to capture an outlaw. The city has been called the Ethiopian Paris, on account of its broad, well-kept streets and general brightness, which contrasts happily with other Abyssinian towns. The people are scrupulous about their costume, which is very picturesque. The ladies wear white blouses, skirts of softly dressed hide, and have their hair (often false) elaborately plaited. The border designs around our Illustrations are from sketches made by the late William Simpson, war artist of this Journal during the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868.

The Unrest in Paris. For some weeks past M. Sarrien's Cabinet has held the view that the disturbances in the department of the Nord and the Pas de Calais have been organised in Paris by some of the restless enemies of the Republic. At the end of last week the Public Prosecutor authorised nearly fifty domiciliary visits to the houses of Royalists and Clericals. This procedure was followed by the arrest of several suspects, and by considerable precautions to

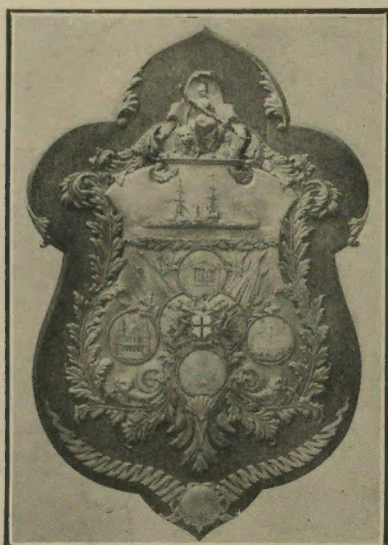


THE WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN: DEAN SWIFT.

The City and Suburban for 1906 was run on April 25, and was won by Mr. J. B. Joel's Dean Swift, ridden by H. Randall.

these figures include the Soudanese soldiers. Moreover, and this is an important matter, French public opinion and political influence will be on the side of Great Britain in any action that the Sultan's obstinacy may render necessary.

The Natal Rising. The situation in Natal has not altered to any great extent since last it was mentioned in these columns. Dinizulu, who is regarded by the natives as the representative of the royal house of Zululand, has offered assurances of his loyalty which should help to pacify his own people and the warriors of Swaziland, and it is said that there is no unrest among the Basutos. We have it on the authority of Sir G. Lagden, the Native Commissioner of the Transvaal, that there is no foundation for uneasiness in that country. All these assurances make for tranquillity, but it would be unwise to ignore the possibility of a general rising



A GUNNERY CHALLENGE SHIELD.
The shield was presented by the Corporation of London to H.M.S. "London," and is to be competed for by gun-crews.



BRONZE MODEL OF PERSIMMON PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE KING.

The life-size statue of the King's famous Derby winner, Persimmon, is the work of Captain Adrian Jones. It was cast at Thames Ditton.

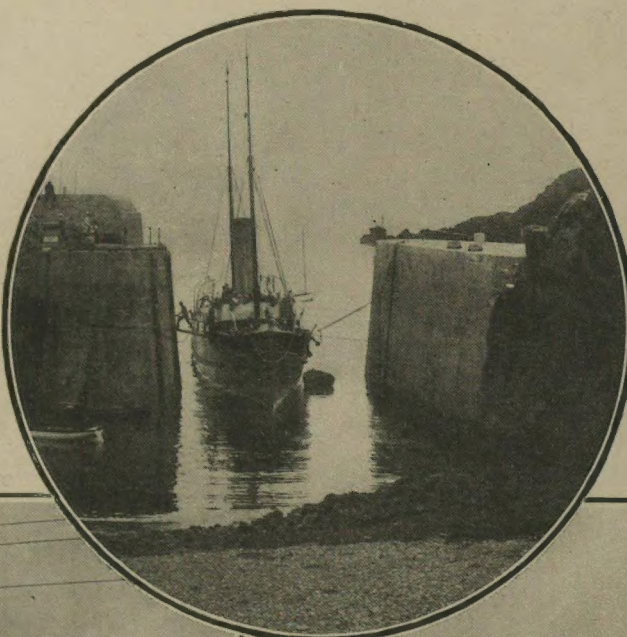


Photo. Topical.

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE "COURIER'S" LAST VOYAGE: ST. PETER'S PORT, GUERNSEY.

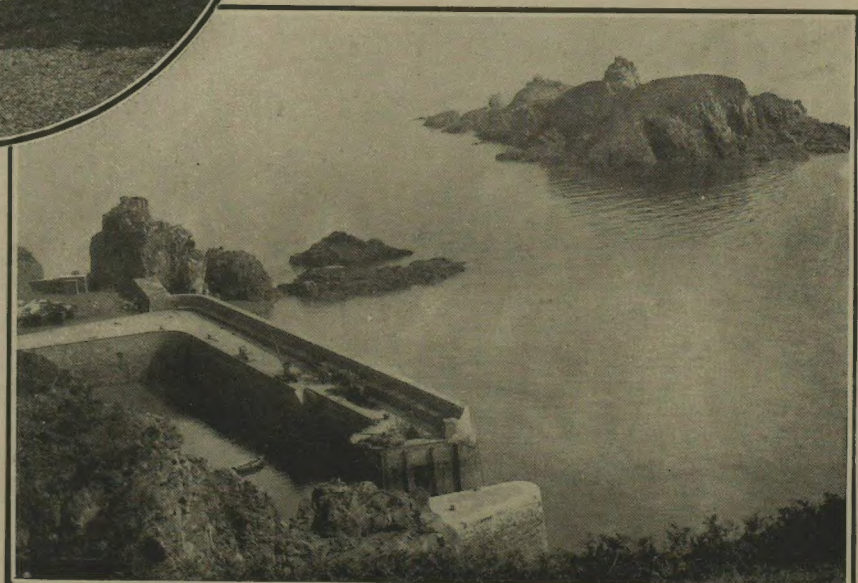


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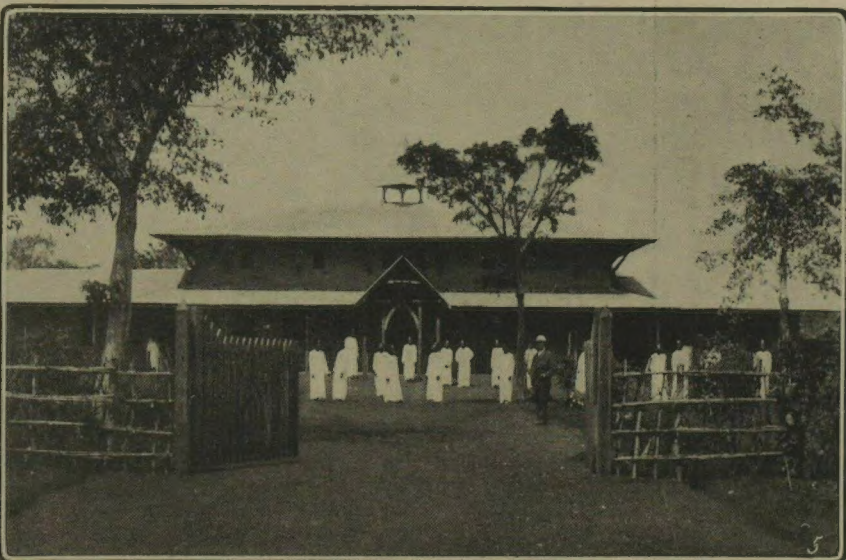
SARK HARBOUR, WHERE THE EXCURSION-BOATS LAND PASSENGERS.

THE CHANNEL DISASTER: POINTS IN THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE GUERNSEY STEAMER "COURIER."

On April 30 the small pleasure-steamer "Courier" of Guernsey, running between Guernsey and Sark, struck on a submerged rock off Jethou and went down. On board were thirty holiday-makers and a crew of nine. Ten persons are missing.

EDUCATION IN UGANDA: THE OPENING OF KING'S SCHOOL, BUDO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. ALLEN.



1. AN IMPORTANT CHIEF, SAMVILI MUKASA, WITH HIS RETINUE.
3. KING DANDI'S HISTORIC DRUMS, THE PROPERTY OF M'TESA'S FATHER.
5. THE HEAD MASTER AND PUPILS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL.

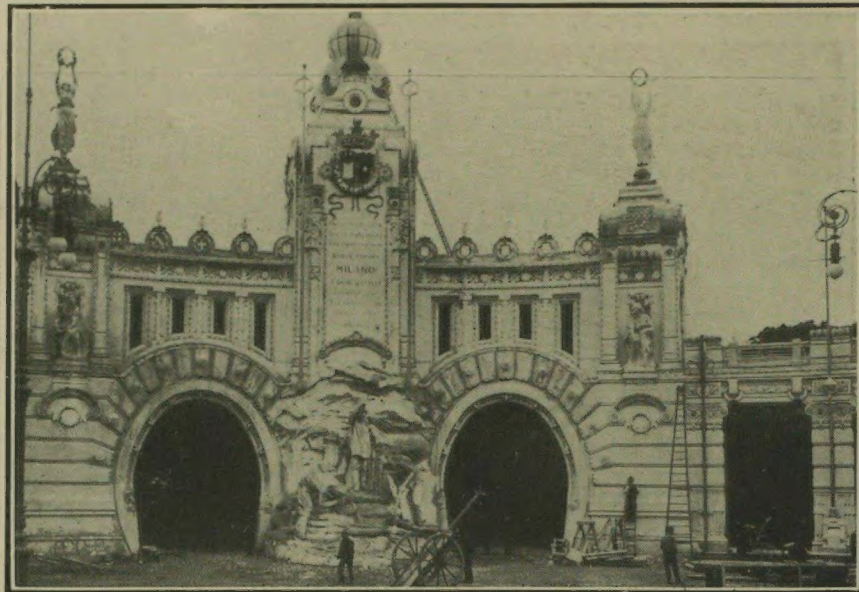
2. SIR APOLO KAGWA AND LADY KAGWA ON THEIR WAY TO THE OPENING.
4. A ROYAL PREROGATIVE, KING DANDI CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH.
6. KING DANDI BETWEEN MR. WILSON AND THE BISHOP OF UGANDA.

Education is being warmly advocated in Uganda. A High School for higher-class boys, the Eton of Uganda, is in full working order, with a hundred boarders, boy chiefs and sons of the leading chiefs in all parts of the Protectorate. A similar institution trains the daughters of the upper class. On March 29 an intermediate school, the King's School, Budo, near Mengo, was opened by Mr. Wilson, the Acting Commissioner, and there remains only the University to be started. These institutions are worked with great vigour by the Church Missionary Society, but are, with the exception of the masters' salaries, almost entirely self-supporting. H. M. Government has made grants of scholarships to the King's School.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: NOTES WITH CAMERA AND PEN.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND QUEEN ELENA PASSING THROUGH THE EXHIBITION.



Photos. Croce.

THE MODEL OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE SIMPLON TUNNEL IN THE EXHIBITION.

THE OPENING OF THE MILAN EXHIBITION BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY ON APRIL 28

The King and Queen were received by Signor Mangili, President of the Exhibition Committee, who thanked their Majesties for having come to open the exhibition, which was on their part a wish for its success. He asked the King and Queen to enter the exhibition through the Simplon Pavilion, which recalled the great work accomplished by their friend the Swiss Confederation, a work which was a bond of brotherhood between the peoples. The royal party then passed through the Simplon Gallery to the Central Hall, where Signor Ponti, the Syndic of Milan, greeted the King as a firm upholder of peace, which he declared was the desire of all the Powers. The exhibition, he said, would be a fresh proof of the industrial and artistic progress of all nations.

The Minister of Commerce, in the name of the King, then declared the exhibition open, and his Majesty congratulated the President on the undertaking.

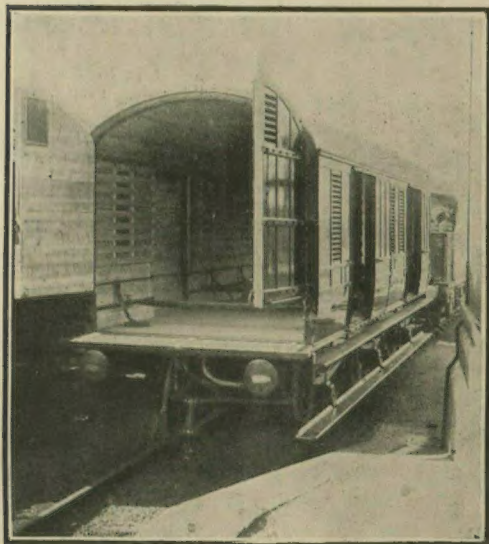


Photo. Topical Press.

THE CONVEYANCE OF MOTORS BY RAIL: THE NEW MIDLAND MOTOR-TRUCK.

The Midland Company is about to run a series of these covered trucks for motor-cars. They are each thirty-one feet in length and can carry the largest motors. Sliding bars are fitted on the inside for securing the cars during transit, and strong leather straps are used for securing the wheels. Each van can hold two cars or one car and a large brougham.



THE EX-KING OF DAHOMEY AND HIS WIVES LEAVING MARSEILLES FOR ALGERIA.

The photograph was taken when his Majesty Behanzin was embarking at Marseilles for Algeria. He was accompanied by the ladies of his harem. Women, indeed, play a very important part in the ex-King's dominions, for the strong army which he lately commanded contained a corps of Amazons. Dahomey, which formerly had an evil reputation for human sacrifices and fetish-worship, is within the French sphere of influence, and the Republic is striving to promote civilisation.



THE MUMMY OF AN ANCIENT CHILIAN MINER.

The mummy was discovered in the Antonio copper mine, Sierra Atahualpa, in Chili. It is supposed to be two thousand years old. The body was mummified by the copper oxide in the mine. The miner was killed at work, for beside him were two stone hammers. On May 8 the mummy will be sold by Mr. J. C. Stevens, 38, King Street, Covent Garden.

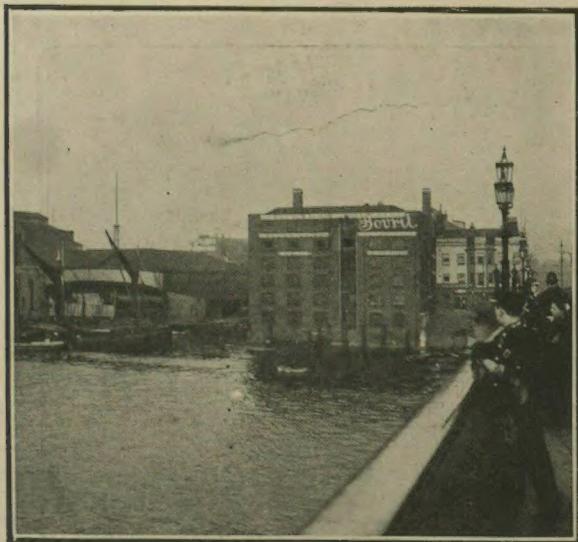


Photo. Topical Press.

BOUGHT BY THE RATEPAYERS' MONEY: THE SITE FOR THE NEW LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HALL.

After much discussion the County Council has at last decided to build its splendid Parliament House on the south side of Westminster Bridge, opposite St. Thomas's Hospital. The Council has accordingly bought the great site at present occupied by warehouses. The ground will cost £600,000.

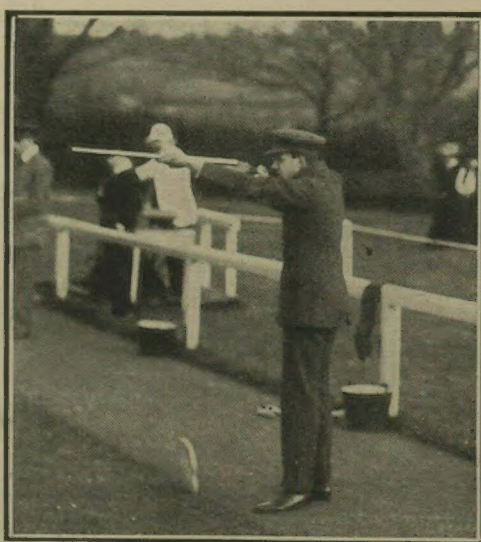


Photo. Hughes and Mullins.

KING ALFONSO SHOOTING AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT GUN CLUB.

On April 28 King Alfonso was the guest of the Isle of Wight Gun Club, and took part in two contests. The marks were clay pigeons. The King won the first match with eight hits out of ten, and in the second his Majesty tied for the second place.



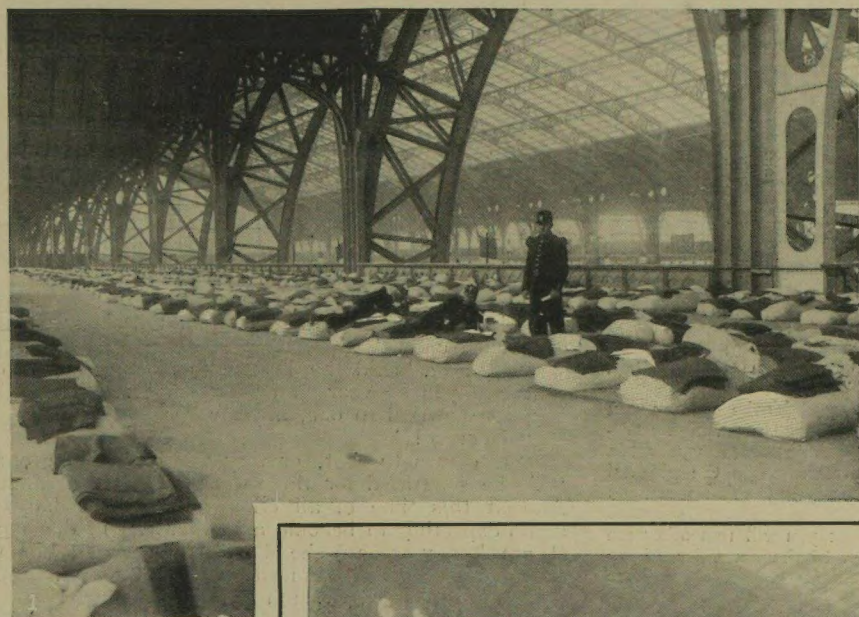
Photo. Sturdee.

A SCENE OF EMERGENCY WORK: THE CARPENTERS' SHOP AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

The Admiralty has just placed with the Arsenal an order for 6500 cartridge-boxes for several types of naval guns. It is an urgency commission, and it will suspend, it is said, three hundred discharges which were imminent in three different departments of the Arsenal.

PARIS UNDER ARMS: PRECAUTIONS AGAINST MAY-DAY LABOUR RIOTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



1. BEDS FOR SOLDIERS IN THE GALERIE DES MACHINES.
3. CAVALRY HORSES IN THE GALERIE DES MACHINES.
5. FURBISHING ARMS IN THE IMPROMPTU BARRACKS.

2. THE BIVOUAC IN THE GALERIE DES MACHINES.
4. THE CUIRASSIERS' KITCHEN IN THE GALERIE DES MACHINES.
6. SOLDIERS' LUNCH IN THE GALERIE DES MACHINES.

In consequence of the riots of Lens, the French Government imagined that Labour Day, May 1, might be very turbulent in Paris. The city was put practically under martial law, and large reserves of troops were held in readiness at the Galerie des Machines and other centres. About 70,000 troops in all were under arms.

HI-SPY-HI!

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE LOOE DIE-HARDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[A. FORESTIER.]

PART II.

"THEY have a way with them," said the lady musingly, gazing out of window.

"Why, my dear, have I not paid you before now a score of compliments as neat?"

"Now don't be huffed, darling!—of course you have. But, you see, it came as pat with him as if he had known me all my life: and I'll engage that he has another as pat for the next woman he meets."

"I don't doubt it," agreed her spouse: "and if that's what you admire, perhaps you would like me to compliment and even kiss every pretty girl in the place. There's no saying what I can't do if I try."

"Please don't be a goose, dear! I never said a Volunteer wasn't better to live with. Those professionals are here to-day and gone to-morrow—sometimes even sooner."

"Not to mention," added the Doctor, more than half-seriously, "that life with them is dreadfully insecure."

"Oh! I would never seriously advise a friend of mine to marry a regular soldier. Hector, dear, to be left a widow must be terrible! . . . But you *did* deserve to be teased, for never saying a word about my tea-party. How do you think it went off? And haven't you a syllable of praise for the way I had polished the best urn? Why, you might have seen your face in it?"

"So I might, my love, no doubt: but my eyes were occupied in following you."

Yes, the day had been a wonderful success, as Captain Pond remarked after waving good-bye to his visitor and watching his chaise out of sight upon the Plymouth road. The Colonel's manner had been so affable, his appreciation of Looe and its scenery and objects of interest so whole-hearted, he had played his part in the day's entertainment with so unmistakable a zest!

"We are lucky," said Captain Pond. "Suppose, now, he had turned out to be some cross-grained martinet . . . the type is not unknown in the regular service."

"He was intelligent, too," chimed in the Doctor. "Unlike some soldiers I have met whose horizon has been bounded by the walls of their barrack-square. Did you observe the interest he took in my account of our Giant's Hedge? He fully agreed with me that it must be pre-Roman, and allowed there was much to be said for the theory which ascribes it to the Druids."

Alas for these premature congratulations! They were to be rudely shattered within forty-eight hours, and by a letter addressed to Captain Pond in Colonel Taubmann's handwriting—

DEAR SIR,—The warmth of my reception on Tuesday and the hospitality of the good people of Looe—a hospitality which, pray be assured, I shall number amongst my most pleasant recollections—constrain me to write these few friendly words covering the official letter you will receive by this or the next post. In the hurry of leave-taking I had no time to discuss with you certain shortcomings which I was compelled to note in the gunnery of the E. and W. Looe Volunteer Artillery, or to suggest a means of remedy. But, to be brief, I think a fortnight's or three weeks' continuous practice away from all local distractions, and in a battery better situated than your own for the requirements of effective coast-defence, will give your company that experience for which mere enthusiasm, however admirable in itself, can never be an entirely satisfactory substitute.

On the 2nd of next month the company (No. 17) of the R.A. at present stationed at Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, will be sailing for Gibraltar on active service. Their successors, the 22nd

Company, now at Chatham, will not be due to replace them until the New Year. And I have advised that your company be ordered down to the Castle to fill up the interval with a few weeks of active training.

May I say that I was deeply impressed by the concern you show in the health of your men? I agreed with well-nigh everything you said to me on this subject, and am confident you will in turn agree with me that nothing conduces more to the physical well-being of a body of troops, large or small, than an occasional change of air.

With kind regards and a request that you will remember me to the ladies who contributed so much to the amenities of my visit,—Believe me, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

H. R. TAUBMANN (Lieut.-Colonel R.A.).

I will dare to say that Colonel Taubmann never fired a shot in his life—round-shot, bomb or grenade, grape or canister—with a tithe of the effect wrought by this

But what vexes me is the triumphant arches we wasted on such a chap."

"My love," said the Doctor to his spouse, "I congratulate you on your fancy for professional soldiers. You are married to one, anyway."

"Dearest!"

"It comes to that, or very nearly." He groaned. "To be separated for three weeks from my Araminta! And at this time of all others!"—for the lady was again expecting to become a mother: as in due course (I am happy to say) she did, and presented him with a bouncing boy and was in turn presented with a silver cradle. But this, though the great event of the Doctor's mayoralty, will not excuse a longer digression.

Captain Pond kept his head, although upon his first perusal of the letter he had come near to fainting, and for a week after walked the streets with a tragic face.

There was no appeal. Official instructions had followed the Colonel's informal warning. The die was cast. The Die-hards must march and for three weeks be immured in Pendennis Castle, that infernal fortress.

To his lasting credit he pretermitted no effort to prepare his men and steel them against the ordeal, no single care for their creature-comforts. Short though the notice was, he interviewed the Mayoress, and easily persuaded her to organise a working-party of ladies, who knitted socks, comforters, woollen gloves, etc., for the departing heroes, and on the eve of the march-out aired these articles singly and separately that they might harbour no moisture from the feminine tears which had too often bedewed the knitting. He raised a household-levy of borrowed feather beds. Geese for the men's Christmas dinner might be purchased at Falmouth, and joints of beef, and even turkeys (or so he was credibly informed). But on the fatal morning he rode out of Looe with six pounds of sausages and three large Christmas puddings swinging in bags at his saddle-bow.

What had sustained him was indignation, mingled with professional pride. He had been outraged, hurt in the very seat of local patriotism: but he would show these regulars what a Volunteer company could do. Yes, and (Heaven helping him) he would bring his men home unscathed, in health, with not a unit missing or sick or sorry. Out of this valley of humiliation every man should return—aye, and with laurels!

Forbear, my Muse, to linger over the scene of that departure! Captain

Pond (I say) rode with six pounds of sausages and three puddings dangling at his saddle-bow. The Doctor rode in an ambulance-waggon crammed to the tilt with materials ranging from a stomach-pump to a backgammon-board; appliances not a few to restore the sick to health, appliances in far larger numbers to preserve health in the already healthy. Mr. Clogg, the second-lieutenant, walked with a terrier and carried a bag of rats by way of provision against the dull winter evenings. Gunner Oke had strapped an accordion on top of his knapsack. Gunner Polwarne staggered under a barrel of marinated pilchards. Gunner Spettigew travelled light with a pack of cards, for fortune-telling and Pope Joan. He carried a Dream-book and Wesley's Hymns in either hip-pocket (and very useful they both proved). Uncle Issy had lived long enough to know that intellectual comforts are more lasting than material ones, and cheaper, and that in the end folks are glad enough to give material comforts in payment for them.

[Continued overleaf.]



Forbear, my Muse, to linger over the scene of that departure!

letter. For a whole day Looe was stunned, dismayed, desolated.

"And in Christmas week, of all holy seasons!" commented Gunner Spettigew. "And the very first Christmas the Die-hards have started a goose club!"

"And this," said Sergeant Pengelly, with bitter intonation, "is Peace on Earth and Good-will toward men, or what passes for such in the regulars. Wi' the carol-practising begun too, an' nobody left behind to take the bass!"

"'Tis the army all over," announced William Henry Phippin, who had served as bo'sun's mate under Lord Howe. "I always was in two minds about belongin' to that branch o' the Service: for, put it how you will, 'tis a come-down for a fellow that has once known the satisfaction to march ahead of 'em. There was a sayin' we had aboard the old *Queen Charlotte*—'A messmate afore a shipmate,' we said, 'an' a shipmate afore a dog, an' a dog, though he be a yellow dog, afore a sojer.'"

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE: THE PICTURESQUE INTERLUDE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

Anne Page
(Miss Viola Tree). Fenton
(Mr. Basil Gill). Mine Host
(Mr. Lionel Brough).

Mistress Quickly
(Miss Ethel Harper).

Dr. Caius
(Mr. Hearn).

Master Page
(Mr. Lascelles).

Master Ford
(Mr. Henry Neville).

Master Slender
(Mr. Lyn Harding).

Mistress Ford
(Mrs. Tree).



Mistress Page (Miss Ellen Terry).

Falstaff (Mr. Tree).

Justice Shallow (Mr. Fisher White).

MISS ELLEN TERRY AND MR. TREE IN THE "SCENELET" INTRODUCED BY MR. LOUIS N. PARKER INTO "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

On Friday, April 27, at the conclusion of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Mr. Tree, still in the character of Falstaff, spoke a congratulatory address to Miss Ellen Terry in celebration of her fiftieth year on the stage. An account of the ceremony will be found in "The Playhouses."

It was in the dusk of the December evening—the day, to be precise, was Saturday, and the hour five p.m.—that our Die-hards, footsore and dispirited, arrived in Falmouth, and tramped through the long streets to Pendennis. The weather (providentially) was mild; but much rain had fallen and the roads were heavy. Uncle Issy had ridden the last ten miles in the ambulance, and the print of a single-Glo'ster cheese adhered thereafter to the seat of his regimentals until the day when he handed them in, and the East and West Looe Volunteer Artillery passed out of this transitory life to endure in memory.

They found the Castle in charge of a cross-grained, superannuated sergeant and his wife, of whom the one was partially deaf and the other, totally. Also the regulars had marched out but three days before, and the apartments—the dormitories especially—were not in a condition to propitiate the squeamish. Also No. 17 Company of the Royal Artillery had included a notable proportion of absent-minded gunners who, in the words of a latter-day bard, had left a lot of little things behind them. Lieutenant Clogg, on being introduced to his quarters, openly and with excuse bewailed the trouble he had taken in carrying a bag of rats many weary miles. A second terrier would have been a wiser and less superfluous investment. As for the commissariat, nothing had been provided. The superannuated sergeant alleged that he had received no orders, and added cheerlessly that the shops in Falmouth had closed an hour ago. He wound up by saying incisively that he, for his part, had no experience of Volunteers nor of what they expected: and (to pass over this harrowing part of the business as lightly as may be) the Die-hards breakfasted next morning on hastily-cooked Christmas puddings.

The garrison clock had struck eleven before, dog-tired as they were, they had reduced the two dormitories to conditions of cleanliness in which it was possible for self-respecting men to lie down and take their sleep. And so they laid themselves down and slept, in their dreams remembering Looe and their families and rooms that, albeit small, were cosy, and beds that smelt of lavender. Captain Pond had apportioned to each man three fingers of rum, and in cases of suspected catarrh had infused a dose of quinine.

It was midnight before he lay down in his quarters, on bedding he had previously aired before a sullen fire. He closed his eyes—but only to sleep by fits and starts. How could his men endure three weeks of this? He must keep them occupied, amused. . . . He thought of amateur theatricals. . . . Good God! how unsatisfying a supper was biscuit, after a long day's ride! Was *this* how the regular army habitually lived? . . . What a pig's-sty of a barracks! . . . Well, it would rest upon Government; if he buried his men in this inhospitable hole. He raised himself on his pillow and stared at the fire. Strange, to think that only a few hours ago he had slept in Looe, and let the hours strike unheeded on his own parish clock! Strange! And his men must be feeling it no less, and he was responsible for them, for three weeks of *this*—and for their good behaviour!

Early next morning (Sunday) he was astir, and having shaved and dressed himself by lantern light, stepped down to the gate and roused up the superannuated sergeant with a demand to be conducted round the fortifications.

The sergeant—who answered to the incredible name of Topase—wanted to know what was the sense of worrying about the fortifications at this hour of the day: and, if his language verged on insubordination, his wife's was frankly mutinous. Captain Pond heard her from her bed exhorting her husband to close the window and not let in the draught upon her for the sake of any little Volunteer whipper-snapper in creation. "What next?" she should like to know, and "Tell the pestering man there's a bed of spring bulbs planted close under the wall, an' if he goes stampin' upon my lil' crocuses I'll have the law of him."

Captain Pond's authority, however, was not to be disobeyed, and a quarter of an hour later he found himself, with Sergeant Topase beside him, on the platform of the 18-pounder battery, watching the first rosy streaks of dawn as they spread and travelled across the misty sea at his feet. The hour was chilly, but it held the promise of a fine day; and in another twenty minutes, when the golden sunlight touched the walls of the old fortress and ran up the flagstaff above it in a needle of flame, he gazed around him on his temporary home, on the magnificent harbour, on the town of Falmouth climbing tier upon tier above the waterside, on the scintillating swell of the Channel without, and felt his chest expand with legitimate pride.

By this time the Doctor and Lieutenant Clogg had joined him, and their faces too wore a hopefuller, more contented look. Life at Pendennis might not prove so irksome after all, with plenty of professional occupation to relieve it. Captain Pond slipped an arm within the Doctor's, and together the three officers made a slow tour of the outer walls, plying Sergeant Topase with questions and disregarding his sulky hints that he, for his part, would be thankful to get a bite of breakfast.

"But what have we here?" asked Captain Pond suddenly, coming to a halt.

Their circuit had brought them round to the landward side of the fortress, to a point bearing south by east of the town, when through a breach—yes, a clean breach!—in the wall they gazed out across the fosse and along

a high turf ridge that roughly followed the curve of the cliffs and of the sea-beach below. Within the wall and backed by it—save where the gap had been broken—stood a group of roofless and half-dismantled out-buildings which our three officers studied in sheer amazement.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?"

"Married quarters," answered Sergeant Topase curtly. "You won't want 'em."

"Married quarters?"

"Leastways, that's what they was until three days ago. The workmen be pullin' 'em down to put up new ones."

"And in pulling them down they have actually pulled down twelve feet of the wall protecting the fortress?"

"Certainly: a bit of old wall and as rotten as touch. Never you fret: the Frenchies won't be comin' along whilst *you're* here"—thus Sergeant Topase in tones of fine sarcasm.

"By whose orders has this breach been made?" Captain Pond demanded sternly.

"Nobody's. I believe, if you ask me, 'twas just a little notion of the contractor's, for convenience of getting in his material and carting away the rubbish. He'll fix up the wall again as soon as the job's over, and the place will be stronger than ever."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed Captain Pond. "Monstrous! And you tell us he has done this without orders and no one has interfered!"

"I don't see what there is to fret about, savin' your presence," the old sergeant persisted. "And, any way,

thing that would never occur to the hide-bound professional mind in a month of Sundays. And in your place I wouldn't allow the Sabbath or anything else—"

A yell interrupted him—a yell, followed by the sound of a scuffle and, after a moment's interval, by a shout of triumph. These noises came from the roofless married quarters, and the voice of triumph was Lieutenant Clogg's, who had stepped inside the building while his seniors stood conversing, and now emerged dragging a little man by the collar, while with his disengaged hand he flourished a paper excitedly.

"A spy! A spy!" he panted.

"Hey?"

"I caught him in the act!" Mr. Clogg thrust the paper into his Captain's hands and, turning upon his captive, shook him first as one shakes a fractious child, and then planted him vigorously on his feet and demanded what he had to say for himself.

The captive could achieve no more than a stutter. He was an extremely little man, dressed in the Sunday garb of a civilian—fustian breeches, moleskin waistcoat, and a frock of blue broadcloth, very shiny at the seams. His hat had fallen off in the struggle, and his eyes, timorous as a hare's, seemed to plead for mercy while he stammered for speech.

"Good Lord!" cried Captain Pond, gazing at the paper. "Look, Doctor—a plan!"

"A sketch plan!"

"A plan of our defences!"

"Damme, a plan of the whole Castle, and drawn to scale! Search him, Clogg; search the villain!"

"Wha-wha-what," stuttered the little man, "WHAT'S the m-m-meaning of this? S-somebody shall p-pay, as sure as I—I—I—"

"Pay, Sir?" thundered Captain Pond as Mr. Clogg dragged forth yet another bundle of plans from the poor creature's pocket. "You have seen the last penny you'll ever draw in your vile trade."

"Wha-what have I—I—I DONE?"

"Heaven knows, Sir—Heaven, which has interposed at this hour to thwart this treacherous design—alone can draw the full indictment against your past. Clogg, march him off to the guard-room: and you, Doctor, tell Pengelly to post a guard outside the door. In an hour's time I may feel myself sufficiently composed to examine him, and we will hold a full inquiry to-morrow. Good Lord!"—Captain Pond removed his hat and wiped his brow. "Good Lord! what an escape!"

"I'll—I'll have the l-l-law on you for t-th-this!" stammered the prisoner sulkily an hour later when Captain Pond entered his cell.

No other answer would he give to the Captain's closest interrogatory. Only he demanded that a constable should be fetched. He was told that in England a constable had no power of interference with military justice.

"Y-you are a s-s-silly fool!" answered the prisoner, and turned away to his bench.

Captain Pond, emerging from the cell, gave orders to supply him with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water. Down in Falmouth the bells were ringing for church. In the Castle a Sabbath stillness reigned. Sergeant Topase, napping and reading his Bible by turns before the gate-house fire, remarked to his wife that on the whole these silly amachours were giving less trouble than he had expected.

At 7.45 next morning Gunner Israel Spettigew, having relieved guard with Gunner Oke at the breach and advised him to exhibit a dose of blackcurrant wine before turning in (as a specific against a chill in the extremities), was proceeding leisurably to cut himself a quid of tobacco when he became aware of two workmen—carpenters they appeared to be in the dim light—approaching the entry.

"Who goes there?" he challenged. "'Tis no use my asking you for the countersign because I've forgotten it myself: but there's No Admittance except on Business."

"That's what we've come upon," said one of the workmen. "By the looks of 'ee you must be one of the new Artillerymen from Looe that can't die however hard they want to. But didn't Jackson tell you to look out for us?"

"Who's Jackson?"

"Why, our clerk of the works. He's somewhere inside surely? He usually turns up half-an-hour ahead of anyone else, his heart's so set on this job."

"I haven't seen 'en go by to my knowledge," said Uncle Issy.

The two men looked at one another. "Not turned up? Then there must be something the matter with 'en this morning: taken poorly with over-work, I reckon. Oh, you can't miss Jackson when once you've set eyes on him—a little chap with a face like a rabbit and a 'pediment in his speech."

"Hey?" said Uncle Issy sharply. "What? A stammerin' little slip of a chap in a moleskin waistcoat."

"That's the man. Leastways I never see'd him wear a moleskin waistcoat, 'xcept on Sundays."

"But it *was* Sunday! Make a noise in his speech—do he?—like a slit bellows?"

"That's Jackson. Then you *have* seen 'en?"

"Seen 'en?" cried Uncle Issy. "A nice miss I han't helped to bury 'en, by this time! Oh, yes . . . if you want Jackson he's inside: an' what's more, he's a long way inside. But you can't want him half so much as he'll be wantin' you."



"A spy! A spy!" he panted.

twon't take the man three days at the outside to cart off the old buildings. Allow another four for getting in the new material—"

"Seven days! And Great Britain engaged in the greatest war of its history, and liable to invasion at any moment! Oh, Doctor, Doctor—these professionals!"

Sergeant Topase shrugged his shoulders, and, concluding that his duties as a cicerone were at an end, edged away to the gatehouse for his breakfast.

"Oh, those professionals!" ingeminated Captain Pond again, eyeing the breach and the dismantled married quarters. "Seven days! And for that period we are to rest exposed not only to direct attack, but to the gaze of the curious public—nay, perchance even (who knows?) to the paid spies of the Corsican! Doctor, we must post a guard here at once! Incredible that even this precaution should have been neglected! Nay"—with a sudden happy inspiration he clapped the Doctor on the shoulder—"did he say 'twould take three days to level this sorry heap?"

"He did."

"It shall not take us an hour. By George, Sir, before daylight to-morrow we'll run up a nine-pounder, and have this rubbish down in five minutes! Yes, yes—and I'd do it to-day, if it weren't the Sabbath."

"I don't see that the Sabbath ought to count against what we may fairly call the dictates of national urgency," said the Doctor. "*Salus patriæ suprema lex.*"

"What's that?"

"Latin. It means that when the State is endangered all lesser considerations should properly go the wall. To me your proposal seems a brilliant one; just the

MENELIK'S EXPEDITION TO DJIMMAH, THE ABYSSINIAN PARIS.

BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM THE LATE WILLIAM SIMPSON'S ABYSSINIAN SKETCHES.



1. AWAITING THE APPEARANCE OF THE NEW KING OF SHANGALLAS.

2. THE PARISIANS OF ABYSSINIA: PEOPLE OF DJIMMAH.

3. THE COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION:
GENERAL DAMTI.

4. THE SHANGALLA KING, WHO MUST NOT TOUCH WATER,
AND WHO IS CARRIED OVER EVERY STREAM.

5. AN ABYSSINIAN TRUMPETER WITH THE
'EXPEDITION.

6. THE PALACE OF THE KING OF DJIMMAH.

7. AN EXTRAORDINARY NATIVE BRIDGE OVER THE GO'EB RIVER.

8. TROOPS OF GENERAL DAMTI'S FORCE.

9. DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE ACCESSION OF THE SHANGALLA KING.

10. WATERING THE MULES BELONGING TO THE EXPEDITION.

FICTION AND VERSE.

WE all know to whom Mr. Lloyd Osbourne served his literary apprenticeship, and where he, most fortunate among the host of younger writers, imbibed the essence of his craft. You cannot, however, make bricks without straw, nor can you make a writer of Mr. Osbourne's calibre by either heroic example or illuminatory precept. "Wild Justice" (Heinemann) is a collection of tales of the South Seas—strong, original, and dramatic, a breezy piece of work quite able to stand on its own merits. The lure of the Pacific is visible in it, the fascination of dazzling skies and tumbling surf and of the brown, courteous people whom Mr. Osbourne knows so well; and among these things—shoulder-high among them, and sometimes completely engulfed—stand the white men whom Fortune is pleased to smile upon. For they are all lucky, these traders, and wanderers, and sailormen, to our thinking; even Gregory, the "black-bird," whose true love married a sot and went to her death in the great waters; even Jack Haviland, the renegade, who saw his home ruined and his wife killed in the wretched, unnecessary war of '93. They drank deep of love and life—for good or ill, they had ample knowledge of them. They might be loose, or dishonest, or murderous, but they could never be less than men, and it is this attitude towards their varied adventures, which range from sheer fame to tragedy, that is made so strikingly apparent here. The dominant feature of "Wild Justice" is its virility, which is tempered by a dry humour. Let the "little, street-bred people" read to their enlightenment.

The persuasiveness of Mr. Vachell's method in "The Face of Clay" (Murray) is delightful. Taken for all in all, this is a charming novel, broadly handled and delicately shaded; in short, the work of an artist as well as a maker of plots. It is more convincing than "Brothers," where some of the situations were a little—just a little—stagey, and it is not altogether a special study, such as the inimitable history of John Verney, although it shows an understanding of Breton life beyond the ordinary. Every character is distinctive, and obviously worked out with much painstaking talent. But—if only there were not a "but"! It is, in this case, "The Face of Clay," which is an irritatingly superfluous piece of mechanism, in spite of giving the title to the book. The Face was a death-mask, taken from a girl who had been found drowned in the Seine, and whose death lay, until happy chance revealed the truth, at the door of Michael Ossory, the genius-lover of the heroine. The Face had a disconcerting habit of appearing to alter in expression, and Mr. Vachell has evidently intended that it shall give us thrills. So it might have done in a cheaper, more meretricious setting; but here, where the live superstitions of the Bretons sound the necessary note of mystery, the death-mask and its smiles and sneers are out of place. Mr. Vachell knows his strength now, and it will carry him far, if he is only equally alive to his weaknesses. Of course "The Face of Clay" will be deservedly popular. Mr. Le Gallienne, by the bye, founded a story on the same death-mask.

Mr. Frank Anstey's peculiar talent is characteristically displayed in the apposite title of "Salted Almonds" (Smith, Elder) that he has given to his new collection of short stories—a name that is not less happy because it also belongs to the opening sketch. The stories are well salted with his whimsical humour—crisp and palatable, slight morsels, but savoury—and here anybody may continue the analogy as he pleases, except that ungracious people have been known to denounce the dinner-table almond as an insidious and indigestible thing, and it will be impossible to trace any after-effects but pleasurable ones to Mr. Anstey's entertainment. The author, indeed, in considerable modesty, has thought it necessary to preface it by a foreword that is almost deprecatory to his wares; but we think his readers will agree that this explanatory protestation is the only superfluous thing in the book. One of the best stories is the adventure of the young man-about-town who became an organ-grinder's monkey, was bought by his own girl cousin, and proceeded to discover that the accomplishments of a human being are not easily displayed by an over-anxious beast with a tail, and may be liable to serious misinterpretation. "The Game of Adverbs" is a "tragi-comedy" with a country Rector as the victim, and a central situation that is as neatly written as it is cleverly conceived. If one is ready to regret that the man who wrote "The Pariah" continues to spend himself on trifles, the perfection of such trifles as these may counteract the inclination.

As a writer of untrustworthy history, honestly declared to be such, Mr. Hansard Watt may hold his own with the most imaginative of inaccurate historians. The better to give point to his chronicles, he writes in verse (very good verse too) of the Ancient Britons, the Roman Invasion, Alfred, Kanute, William the Conqueror, Elizabeth, and Guy Fawkes. Lastly, he addresses the critic, whom he faces with amazing sangfroid. If the reviewer frown, Mr. Watt will only exclaim—

Believe me, I shall not repine,
The error will be yours, not mine!

Therewith we are disarmed, and hasten, lest we be found in error, to recommend the quiet fun of "Home-Made History from Unreliable Recipes," by Hansard Watt. Mr. Alston Rivers is the publisher. It would seem that the art of light verse is again in the ascendant.

Many scientific men are of opinion that the attempt to popularise science is a ghastly failure, and that newspaper expositions of wireless telegraphy, radium, and other deep things of the scientific world lead only to hopeless confusion and distortion in the lay mind. People talk glibly of radium, for example, without the least inkling of its real significance, and the utterance of these popular scientific catchwords becomes a hollow

fashion. It must have been with the idea of ministering to this fashion that Mr. J. Henry Harris chose "A Romance in Radium" (Greening) as the title of his latest book, for it is difficult to find much trace of radium except in the title. It is true that an Immortal provided with a store of radio-active energy is made to visit this nether world, but such fictitious visits are nothing new, and the thing has been done without radium. The terrestrial experiences of the immortal Ma-Mylitta are certainly varied and up-to-date. She visits the House of Commons, she is demonstrated at the Royal Society, she attends an "At Home," and has interviews with several prominent persons, including a Right Honourable gentleman with eyeglass and orchid, and a Gifted One, called Marie, who considers herself a sister Immortal. These incidents and many others serve as occasions for much paltry and irresponsible chatter on all sorts of topics. And the romance? Well, there is not much more of that than there is of the radium. And the moral is that it is not given to everyone, as it is to Mr. Wells, to fuse science and fiction.

The latest of the beautiful books printed by Lucien and Esther Pissarro at the Eragny Press, the Brook, Hammersmith, contains a selection of Ben Jonson's songs. Like all its fellows, the book is a delight to the eye and hand. It belongs to the age before machinery. The type and decorations are the design of the printer, the initials (in rubric) were engraved by his wife, and everything except the actual binding is the handiwork of these two artists, who have made printing their *métier*. Once again there is an exquisite title-page in colour, subdued to the mystery of old tapestry, a marvel of many printings from the wood.



A PAGE FROM "BEN JONSON'S SONGS."

PUBLISHED BY THE ERAGNY PRESS.

Old airs, written in quaint notation, from Lanneare and Ferrabosco add to the charm of the volume, which in every sense of the word "sings." The edition is limited to 175 paper and ten vellum copies. The price is forty shillings.

The stories in Mrs. Francis Blundell's "Simple Annals" (Longmans) are all of working women; "sisters of the yoke" (as she calls them in a "Foreword") whose lot "is not by any means all sordid." "A golden thread runs through the homespun of even the most commonplace life." We hope it is true; we have no wish to deny it. But when the solution of the difficulties which Mrs. Blundell makes beset her bread-winning heroines is always that which "obtained in the days when Ruth gleaned the ears of corn in the field of Boaz"; when, in other words, not a dairymaid, laundry-maid, charwoman, washerwoman, shop-girl, telegraph-girl, type-writer or young lady secretary among them but finds "the way out" through a husband, we feel that we can have too much of a good thing, even a golden thread. We get tired of the husband for ever ready to hand. And in many cases, we protest, Boaz is wheedled into matrimony, with very little chance of happiness, in order that her lot may be lightened for Ruth. To be more particular, Sergeant Bunce, in "The Transplanting of a Daisy," acted very gallantly by Izzy-bella Knot, but he was much too good a man for her. It is equally certain that Louie Ford, the heroine of "Cwartin' Corner," was a particularly lucky lass to become Mrs. Robert Short. And we submit that it is neither natural nor very decent to have the poor little Woodpecker nestling in the breast of Mr. John Barnes. We have felt compelled to make this criticism, to point out that this solution does not always await women in their troubles, and that if it does to any extent, so much the worse for the men, whatever it may be for them. This intolerable sentimental element apart, however, these studies are excellent. Mr. Blundell has great invention and a felicitous touch.

THE MODERN CRUSADERS.

IN December 1904, when Sir Frederick Lugard was on the point of leaving Katagoum, the Emir of Hadeija arrived with a great throng of horsemen "in shirts of mail, with spears and swords." It seemed as if Saracen and Crusader were once more face to face. The Saracen, however, came to make his submission not to challenge the Infidel to mortal combat, as in days of old the giant Corsout defied and fought with Guillaume au Court-Nez.

Still, it was a Crusader and a Saracen that faced each other. The forces of Christendom and Islam are once more in the balance. The battle does not rage now round the walls of Acre. We see its presence scattered through a wider area—the troubles in the Yemen and Sinai, the unrest in Egypt, the late Conference at Algiciras, the reconstruction of Nigeria, Senussism fighting every step the French take into the Sudan. We are living in the latest Crusade, a Crusade that has lasted without our knowing it for over a hundred years. The characteristic of the new Crusader is that he poses as the friend and protector of Islam.

The pioneer was Napoleon, and his pioneering forms one of the most diverting comedies in history. When Bonaparte went to Egypt, he conceived the brilliant notion of playing Mecca against the temporal power of Constantinople. In his proclamation of June 17, 1798, composed on the ill-fated *Orient*, he not only announced that he had loved Mohammed and the Koran, but also that he "had destroyed the Pope and the Knights of Malta, enemies of Mussulmans." The Sheiks and Ulemas of Cairo wrote at his instigation to the Shereef of Mecca that the French had proved their love for Islam by destroying churches and breaking the crosses in the city of Venice. These Sheiks, indeed, took Bonaparte at his word. They suggested that he with his whole army should confess the True Faith. To this embarrassing suggestion the Corsican made two objections—namely, dislike to circumcision and the taste his soldiers had for alcohol. The Shereef of Mecca waived the necessity of circumcision, and said that the French might remain wine-bibbers on condition that they made amends with good deeds and charitable actions. Bonaparte could evade such complaisance only by postponing the conversion till he had built a vast mosque suitable for such a ceremony. In the meantime he gave practical proof of his support of Islam, protected caravans to Mecca, and encouraged his General Menou to become Mohammedan. He declared that he had come to purify, not destroy, the word of the Prophet, and explained that his invasion of Syria was in defence of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and against the corruption of the Turk.

Comic as this attitude may seem, it is no more comic than the attitude of his imitator, William II. of Germany. In Syria a few years ago, the Kaiser said to Nazim Pasha, "Tell the three hundred million Mussulmans on earth that I am their friend." This twentieth-century friend of Islam got the contract for the Damas-Mecca railway, and a few other contracts. His Tattenbaching at Algiciras was another part of the same manœuvre. The latest phase is found in Tunis, where we hear that foreign agents are travelling throughout the regency, affirming that the real protector of the Mussulmans is the German Emperor.

Unfortunately for the Imperial Crusader, he fights with a broken sword. William's notion was to control the Moslem world through its political head at the Golden Horn, and he encouraged Abdul Hamid in a Pan-Islamism, expecting that "Koran" would henceforth rhyme with "Kaiser." But the spirit of revolt against the Turk which Napoleon did so much to foster has come to a head at an awkward moment. Just when the Teutonic Knight had routes laid out on paper from Constantinople to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Arab National Superior Committee set in motion a revolutionary machine which had for many years been building, and between Kaiser William and Pan-German-Islamism rises the substantial barrier of the new Arabian Empire—an empire which will mean to Abdul Hamid the loss of two-thirds of his revenue and four-sevenths of his recruits.

This is where England comes in. Our hold on India and the Persian Gulf has made the Eastern Arabian littoral our hunting ground. Our vast Mohammedan population in India has made us keep our eye on Mecca and the routes to the holy cities. Egypt lays claim to Sinai, and we hold Egypt. All the circumstances of our Empire and our commerce have encouraged us to counteract the Turk, to do what Bonaparte would have done. When, then, the Arabs rise against the Osmanli, why should not we, too, rise with the tide?

The English Crusader differs from the French and German in that he is a Crusader in spite of himself. These have assumed religion as a cloak for commerce and for empire. We have never professed to be anything better than shopkeepers. But we are tolerant shopkeepers, and if in the course of our business we become, for instance, the official receivers of a bankrupt country such as Egypt, or discover an unexploited people, such as the Hausas, we run our new branches on the lines that induce the readiest co-operation, and are most likely to pay. These lines are the lines of toleration for individual opinion on matters that do not interfere with trade.

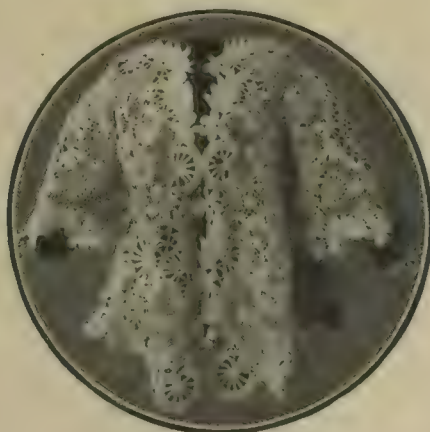
The toleration that for the sake of peace and easy government we have extended to the Moslem is at times startling. For instance, in Nigeria, we have simply adopted the existing Mohammedan system of taxation, and we have given Government land for a mosque at Lokoja. We remit to the Emir of Sokoto half his taxes because he is the nominal head of his faith in Central Africa. When Sir Frederick Lugard desires to reform the courts of Kano, he proves his point to the Emir by citation of Koranic law. We keep our Cross distinctly in the background. But the civilisation for which Christianity stands is, of course, always there, and the modern Crusades pioneered by English merchants have at least annihilated the slave trade. With all their pseudo-Islamism, this is more than Bonaparte or William can ever claim.



A BLOUSE OF NINON-DE-SOIE.



BLOUSE IN IRISH GUIPURE.



AN IRISH GUIPURE COAT.



BLOUSE IN IRISH AND GUIPURE LACE.



AN EVENING DRESS IN GAUZE-DE-SOIE.
The dress is of Pompadour trimmed with Spanish blonde lace, eau-de-Nil taffetas, and jewelled appliqué.



A YACHTING COSTUME.
The costume is crash linen and is trimmed with peasant embroidery.



A PEIGNOIR.
The peignoir is in soft pale-blue silk trimmed with broderie anglaise; ribbons to match.



A DAY COSTUME.
The costume is in foulard Rose du Barry, and is trimmed with velvet ribbon and fine lace.

PRINCESS ENA'S TROUSSEAU: BLOUSES AND COSTUMES AT MADAME LAMBERT'S.



THE "RUSSIAN LION" OVERCOMES THE "TERRIBLE TURK": HACKENSCHMIDT'S VICTORY OVER MADRALI AT OLYMPIA, APRIL 28.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

In the contest for the world's championship for wrestling in the catch-as-catch-can method, Hackenschmidt gained the first fall in 1 minute 34 seconds. In the second bout the Russian again threw the Turk, this time in 4 minutes, thus gaining the two falls and the match.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE modern mythology of mummies is becoming quite a large subject. My attention is drawn to it by a wonderful mummy story among tales narrated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his "Anecdoteage." The author, I think, like Scott, has given the story "a cocked hat and a sword," has added to its merits, and has certainly welded at least two mummy stories into one. His mummy was discovered by three young amateurs in Egyptology. The case contained a Curse, which they deciphered, but disregarded. They drew lots for the mummy, which was fatal to each of them, more or less. A lady found that a haunting horror attended the mummy. She had it photographed, and its face was no dead face, but that of a living fiend, extremely malevolent. The photographer was sought for, but lo! he had cut his throat. The British Museum was next the possessor of the mummy, and had mysterious trouble with it, not described.

Perhaps, as I write from memory, I have altered this legend. I hope not. Meanwhile, I have long known other versions. The names of the original finders of the mummy were given. The Curse devoted the desecrators of the tomb to death by the "raging beast and raging flood"; and one was carried away by a flood, while an evil beast (species unknown) devoured the other. There, that mummy story broke off.

The other tale was about another mummy. It was acquired by the British Museum, and was photographed. The photograph showed living eyes in the dead face, and my informant assured me that I might consult the learned head of the Egyptian Department if I entertained any doubts. Kind and urbane as all the officials of the Museum are, I did not think it advisable to trouble one of them with inquiries on this awful problem. My informant added that the photograph, living eyes and all, was now attached to the case of the mummy in the Egyptian Room; but I have not verified the fact, and suspect that the result of inquiry would be negative.

The queerest mummy story known to me concerns, not an Egyptian, but a Toltec mummy. The Toltecs were a more or less mythical people, who occupied Mexico before the Aztec invasion, and mummified their dead. I came to hear this story, or to receive the facts, through a friend, from the son of the man who was present on an awful occasion. The father of the narrator was a great traveller, and had a friend, also a great traveller, to whom he paid a visit in the country. On the night of his arrival, he, his host, and his hostess were in the billiard-room; the men were smoking. In a corner the visitor saw a long, half-open packing-case, the length of a human body. He stooped and looked at it, saw the upper part of a mummy, not Egyptian, and from the case came a human voice. The language spoken was unknown to the observer, and the vowel sounds were such as he had never heard uttered, in any continent or isle, through all his wanderings among strange peoples.

"That is pretty clever," said the visitor, turning to his host and hostess. "How do you work it? With a phonograph?" Then he observed that the lady had fainted, or was on the point of fainting (I like to be accurate), and that his host was pale with terror. "This is the third time he has spoken in the presence of witnesses," said the host. He explained that the Toltec mummy was one of two known to science. He had procured it in Mexico; the other mummy was in the possession of the Government of the United States. So horribly frightened were the host and hostess that they fled from home next day, refusing to be comforted, and declining, for religious reasons, to investigate the Toltec language. Here the story stopped; the opportunity for philological research is lost, while I do not see that religion has gained anything advantageous. Earnest inquiry on my part led to nothing; a veil was drawn over the entire transaction. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*

Some years ago an intimate friend of mine, a novelist, came to me in pleasant excitement. A mummy was the cause; it had given him an idea for a story. The mummy, a present, had arrived at his house in London on the previous day. The effigy on the mummy-case had a gilded face, and so, as he found on opening the case, had the mummy. He set the mummy up on one side of the smoking-room fireplace, the mummy-case on the other, and then went out to dinner, with his wife, leaving in the house a young lady, a kinswoman. He drove to the place wherein he was to dine in a four-wheeled cab, and the adventures of that drive were calamitous. If I remember correctly, he was upset and spilt down the stair of an area. On returning home he found his guest "under a damp," as the old writers say. She had entered the smoking-room and found "two gold-faced ghosts," the mummy and the mummy-case. That was *normal*, but next morning the maids, like one girl, "gave warning." Either these gold-faced ghosts or they must go, they said: the gold-faced ones had been walking about the house all night. It was the mummy that went—to a provincial museum, where there have been no complaints of its conduct. Meanwhile, the lively fancy of my friend had based a novel on the circumstances, and he went on to tell me the plot. "It won't do," I said. "Why not?" "Because it is the plot of Anstey's 'Fallen Idol,'" a story which, unknown to my friend, had just appeared.

The moral of these narratives is that we ought not to disturb the homes and "the infinite peace of the dead." Yet, at this hour, I am most anxious to do so. Fishing in a remote part of the Highlands this spring, I saw an abrupt hillock, manifestly artificial, overlooking the river. It was clearly a sepulchral barrow or howe. It is known, I learned, on what seems good evidence, to be the sepulchre of a Celtic saint of, I think, the eighth century. Now the other similar barrows in this region are said to have been all rifled by the early Vikings, who were great and unscrupulous treasure-hunters in tombs, as we learn from the Sagas. Antiquaries desire to examine the saint, but theirs is forbidden curiosity.

CHESS.

E S G (Victoria Street).—There are so many we scarcely know what to advise. If you apply to J M Brown, 38, Park Cross Street, Leeds, he will probably forward you a list of such books he may have for sale.

F HENDERSON (Leeds).—Since the publication of his book, the late Mr. F Healey composed and published about five hundred more problems. The issue of a complete selection, edited by his son, is, we believe, under consideration.

J PAUL TAYLOR.—Glad to hear from you again. The new contribution shall have early attention.

D M R (Sudmouth).—In chess as in war the winner is the one that makes the fewest blunders. White, of course, ought to have won, but he simply didn't.

G LOFTUS.—The solution 1. Kt to R 7th, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3221 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile) and J H Weir (Mackay, Queensland); of No. 3222 from Fred Long (Santiago); of Nos. 3228 and 3229 from E G Munitz (Toronto); of No. 3231 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3232 from T Roberts, George Trice (Deal), Joseph Semik (Prague), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3233 from C E Perugini, George Trice (Deal), S J England (South Woodford), Rev. P Lewis (Ramsgate), Sorrento, Emile Frau (Lyons), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Sconic, and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3234 received from Rev. P Lewis (Ramsgate), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), J Halford (Manchester), F S Bancroft (Halifax), Sorrento, George Trice (Deal), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E Perugini, J Hopkinson (Derby), The Tid, S J England (South Woodford), T Roberts, J Smith (Sudbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Sconic, P Daly (Brighton), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), F Henderson (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), A J Thornhill, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), E J Winter-wood, A Carter (Liverpool), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), and G Bakker (Rotterdam).

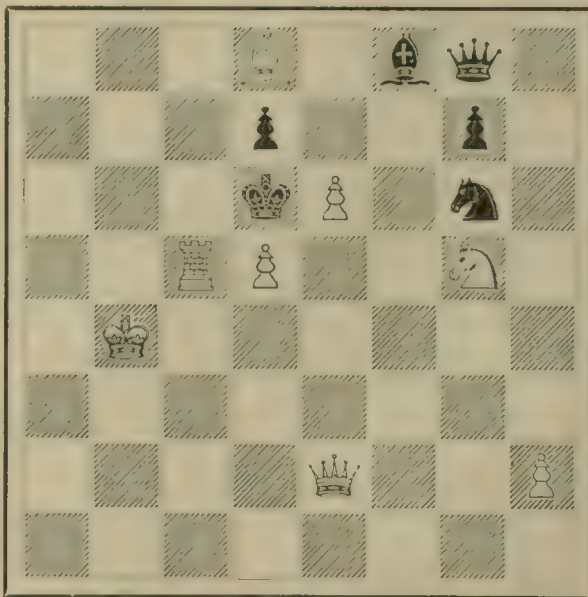
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3233.—BY PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 7th. K takes Kt
2. Q to K 7th (ch). K moves
3. P Mates.

If Black plays 1. K to Kt 4th, 2. Q to K B 7th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3236.—BY MALCOLM SIM.

BLACK.



AN OVERSEAS ELOPEMENT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

DRAWN BY WALTER RAINEY.

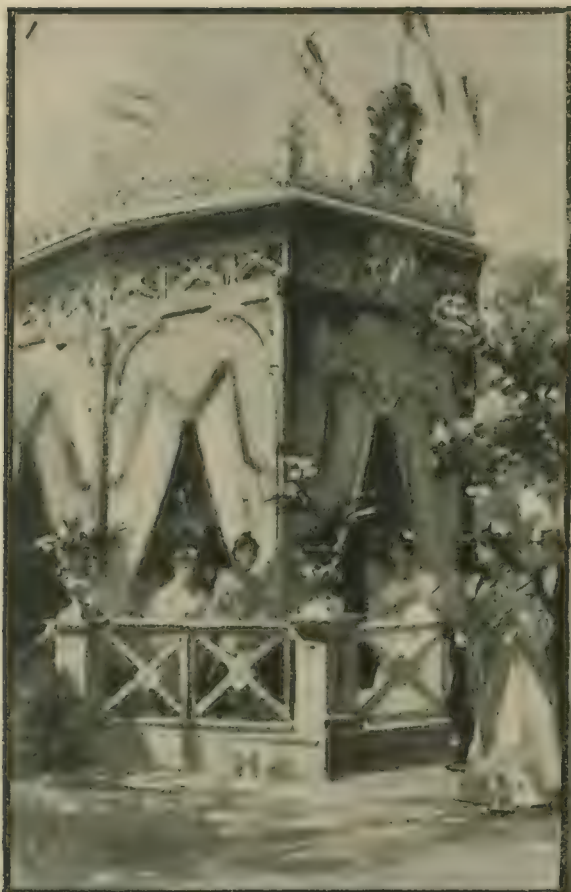


A HONEYMOON IN STRANGE COMPANY.

The danger of runaway couples did not always end at Gretna Green, and very often they used to hurry to one of the ports on the Solway, and take a passage on a smuggling craft bound for France or one of the Netherlands ports.

A CITY UNDER CANVAS: THE EASTER FAIR AT SEVILLE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SEVILLE.

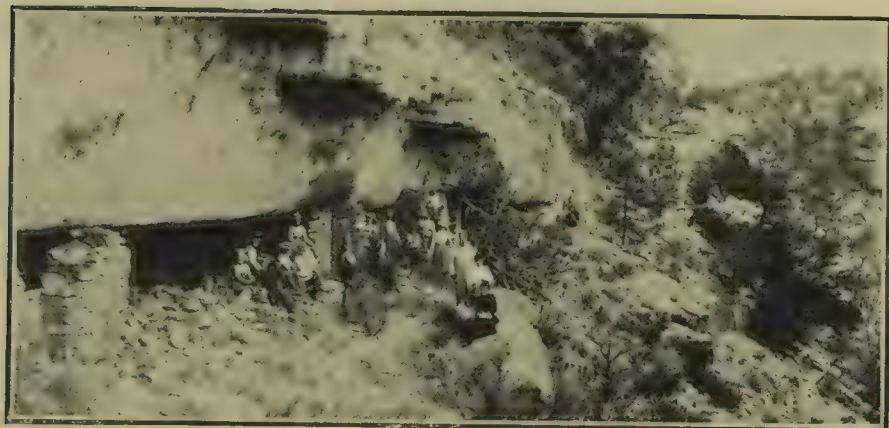


1. ONE OF THE FINEST PAVILIONS. 2. THE GYPSIES' SIDE OF THE FAIR. 3. THE TOWNSPEOPLE'S PAVILION.
4. EVENING IN THE PAVILIONS AT THE FAIR: SEVILLIAN DANCE IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

At Easter the citizens of Seville celebrate a sort of Feast of Tabernacles. Pavilions are arranged in long lines in one part of the fair. In these booths the people live during the fair. In the evening they have dances. One of the most splendid tents is that of the municipality. It is called the Casilla del Municipio.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF NORTH AMERICA AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY "TOPICAL PRESS."



CLIFF-DWELLINGS, WALNUT CANYON, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.



EXCAVATION IN SANTA CLARA CLIFF RUINS.

NOT a little sensational speculation has been indulged in concerning the ancient cliff-dwellers of New Mexico and Arizona. Nor is this unnatural, as their ruined houses are of considerable interest in themselves, and they are situated in one of the most remarkable of all habitable regions. The area of the plateau country is approximately 130,000 square miles, being somewhat less extensive than that of the ancient Pueblo country. The surface of the plateau country is generally smooth or slightly undulating, but it is interrupted by flat-topped hills with vertical sides, locally termed "mesas" (a name which has now passed into descriptive geographical nomenclature), and intersected by innumerable canyons. The characteristic landscape consists of a wide expanse of featureless plains, bounded by far-off cliffs resplendent with gorgeous colours; in the foreground a soil of brilliant yellow or ashy grey; over all the most brilliant sunlight, while the distant features are softened by a blue haze. This land alike of rich and florid colouring and of gentle, tender hues has not inaptly been termed "The Painted Desert." Waterless for the greater part of the year, the aridity of the desert is scarcely relieved by the tufts of sombre sage-brush; but even in the dry season the clear, clean air, the wonderful colour-effects, and the feeling of immensity create a glamour that is as real as it is indescribable. After the first rains, delicate shades of green, innumerable gay flowers, convert the desert into a garden; but, even so, the uplands are practically uninhabitable. Deep down the precipitous valleys that they have carved out of the nearly horizontal strata run the life-giving rivers, and on the alluvial soil that borders the flood plain the natives practised their elementary agriculture, and a failure to harvest a good crop was probably rare. With a fertile soil and sufficient supply of water, it was no wonder that villages were established along these canyons.

The Spanish name *pueblo* was applied by the Conquistadores to the native village communities which they found in New Mexico and Arizona, and it has clung tenaciously to their villages ever since; in fact, we not only speak of the pueblo peoples or the pueblos, but also of the pueblo area and the pueblo culture, for the peoples have much in common. We may characterise Pueblo

Indians in general as dwellers in compactly-built villages of flat-roofed, quadrangular houses.

The Pueblo Indians are peaceful, industrious, and extraordinarily conservative, and possess great endurance.

While some villages are located on plains, others are perched on mesas; in both cases provision for defence has been carefully planned, due regard having been paid to the accessibility of springs.

The occupation of the men is largely confined to agriculture; they also do all the spinning, weaving, and manufacture of garments, which are of cotton or wool. The women are the house-builders and owners, and, in addition to the routine of household work, they engage extensively in the manufacture of pottery. This

of which the Zuñian and the Shoshonean or Hopi have been most completely studied by American anthropologists, who have published very careful and superbly illustrated studies of the social and religious life of these most interesting people.

Living in the same region are various non-pueblo people, foremost among whom are the semi-nomadic Apaches and Navahos, who relatively lately migrated into the desert. They came from the north, and belonged to the group now termed Plains Indians, those bison-hunting nomads whom in our childhood we knew as "Redskins." All these Indians are very fond of bead-work, and their bead bands and belts exhibit varied patterns in harmonious or daring schemes of

colour. When students take the trouble to investigate these designs they find that they all have a significance; sometimes a design commemorates tribal history such as fights or friendly intercourse. Some are said to remind the initiated of the history of a secret society; patterns are frequently symbols of secret societies, and thus indicate the degree which the father or some maternal relative has attained. Others indicate that a shaman, or medicine-man, has prayed into it, while some are said merely to give luck; but a great deal more has yet to be learned concerning this interesting subject.

Certain non-pueblo peoples of other linguistic stocks are true desert Indians; but their racial affinities are rather to the west. Of these, the kindly and hospitable Havasupai pass their peaceful days, amid beautiful surroundings, in the remote Cataract Canyon, where corn, melons, pumpkins, and peaches

grow in profusion. In the early days the Havasupai were undoubtedly cliff-dwellers, for in a score or more places in their canyons are houses in the cliffs—some of them inaccessible at present—which their traditions say were once occupied by certain families, the names of which are still remembered; indeed, some of the Havasupais are returning to the cliff-dwelling style of homes.

A drive of an hour and a half from Flagstaff, Arizona, through a picturesque country will take the visitor to the cliff-dwellings in Walnut Canyon, where in a great recess, on a ledge, is a long series of chambers, the walls of which are still black from the



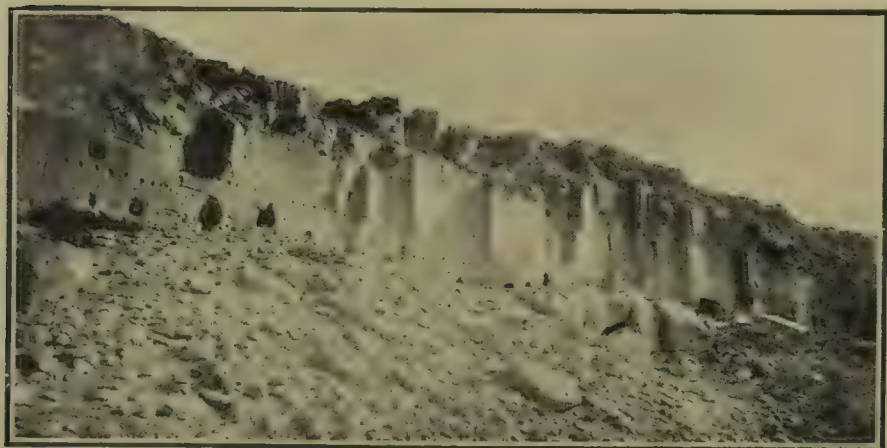
HAVASUPAI INDIAN GIRL.



HAVASUPAI WOMAN 112 YEARS OLD.

pottery is painted with characteristic bold decoration. Not only the old excellence of the fabric, but the ancient symbolism of the designs are being degraded, and the pottery sold to travellers on the railway is frequently a poor travesty of the earlier handicraft.

As a rule the Pueblo Indians are an intensely religious people, and devote much of their time to the performance of elaborate ceremonies in which, owing to the aridity of the climate and to the fact that their food supply consists very largely of corn, prayers for rain predominate; indeed, the harshness of the desert has played a very large part in pueblo rituals and cults. The Pueblo Indians belong to four linguistic stocks,



SANTA CLARA CLIFF-DWELLINGS.



"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF NORTH AMERICA AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.



THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS OF COLORADO AS THEY WERE IN THEIR PRIME: THE "PALACE" IN MANCOS CANYON.

RECONSTRUCTION BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The cliff-dwellings occupy the faces of canyons, and thus they look over the patches of agricultural land beside the river; this appears to be their *raison d'être*. It has often been stated that these dwellings were primarily designed for defence, being, in fact, fortresses; but of this there is no evidence. On the contrary, they are inconvenient and unsuitable sites. The evidence is far more in

favour of the view that they were merely farming shelters occupied only during the planting and harvesting seasons, and then only for a few days or weeks at a time; for the storage of water was very seldom attempted, though there were an immense number of storage-chambers for food. The remains of these cliff-dwellings from which this reconstruction was made are wonderfully complete.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF NORTH AMERICA AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.



WALLAPAI INDIAN CHILDREN IN A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.



WOMEN OF THE MOQUI INDIANS HOUSE-BUILDING.

smoke of the ancient fires. Some of the settlements have received fancy names, such as "Montezuma's Castle." Not only were natural recesses taken advantage of, but soft rock was pecked away to form artificial caves. The old dwellings were not always built into the cliffs; extensive villages were built, as

the ceremonial objects and symbolic designs on the pottery resemble those still in use, but in the older ruins the resemblances are naturally less close.

We can now hazard a sketch of the history of this region. Many hundred years ago pueblo tribes lived in villages along the floor of the canyons or in their walls;

plateau, and the Apaches and Navahos took possession of the fertile canyon beds.

What will be the future of these people? At first sight, when we see the children at school we think how fine it is that they should be civilised. But the result will be that they will be rendered unfit for the



SIOUX BEAD-WORK.



CLIFF-DWELLERS' POTTERY AND OTHER REMAINS.

at Santa Clara, at the level land or broken ground at the base of the cliff.

Archæological investigation has abundantly proved that the former occupiers of the cliff-dwellings were the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians; the desiccated corpses have the anatomical structure of these Indians, and the pottery and other remains confirm this. Many of

a peaceful, agricultural folk of artistic nature and deeply religious temperament. Before the Spaniards arrived, marauding bands of nomadic hunters wandered from the north, probably being ousted from their own country by stronger tribes; they harassed the prosperous villagers, who in time found that it was more conducive to their safety to live in crowded pueblos on the mesas of the

old life. Their industrious, artistic, religious ancestors were wonderfully adapted to the remarkable conditions under which they lived. Their "civilised" descendants will lose that adaptation to environment, the old piety and culture will disappear, and the most interesting of the aborigines of North America will be converted into "respectable" nonentities.



MUMMIES OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS (WETHERELL COLLECTION).



PUEBLO WOMEN SELLING POTTERY TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

RUINED AT SAN FRANCISCO: MOSAICS IN THE LELAND STANFORD MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY DR. WOODWARD.



THE MOSAICS ON THE RIGHT OF THE NAVE.



THE MOSAICS ON THE LEFT OF THE NAVE.

ONE of the most wonderful buildings destroyed by the earthquake and fire at San Francisco was the memorial chapel of the Leland Stanford University. It was erected by Mrs. Stanford to the memory of her husband, and was dedicated on January 25, 1903. The chapel was of modified Moorish-Romanesque architecture, and was built in the form of a cross with rounded arms. The material was buff sandstone rough-hewn, with tooled face on the inside, relieved by elaborate carved designs and fifteenth-century mosaics of great beauty. These mosaics have suffered terribly, and it is not yet known whether it will be possible to restore them. The designs shown on this page are the great composition over the main doorway and the subjects decorating the walls of the nave. There were also superb mosaics in the apse, of which, unfortunately, no photographs were available. In the apse also were three great stained-glass windows, marble statues of the Apostles, and a bas-relief from Giulio Ciseri's painting of "The Entombment." Behind the altar was a replica of Cosimo Roselli's "Last Supper" from the Sistine Chapel at Rome. To the right and left, running to the arch of



THE MOSAICS OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE CHAPEL.

the apse, were long panels surmounted by reproductions in mosaic of Michel Angelo's Prophets. In the nave, transept, and apse were nineteen stained-glass windows of beautiful design, decorated with scenes from the life of Christ. The windows of the clerestory held single figures from the Old and New Testaments. The great rose window above the organ-gallery had for its centre a copy of Hoffman's "Christ Child." The extreme length of the church, through vestibule, nave, and apse, was 190 feet; the extreme width through the transept wings, 155 feet; the four gables of the nave, transept wings, and apse were united by a twelve-sided belfry-tower, the spire of which was 188 feet high. On the exterior the tower was flanked by corner turrets. It was engirdled at the base by an outside gallery, and strengthened by flying buttresses. In the tower was a clock with a peal of four bells tuned to the Westminster chimes. The building was the special care of Mrs. Leland Stanford, who spent enormous sums upon its decoration. She never told what the building had cost her, but the price was fabulous.

AN ENGINEERING REVOLUTION.



FRONT-VIEW-OF-THE-WORKS.



MR. ALEX. GOVAN

[I]t is not at all likely to be forgotten in these days of the *entente cordiale* that the motor-car is one of the blessings—if one may venture to so describe it—that we owe to France. Twelve years ago, when the propulsion of an engine of any kind in our streets and roads was forbidden by law, the motor-car had already become a fairly common object in the more populous places on the south side of La Manche. Englishmen of the more advanced sort cast envious eyes on the progress France was making, and they put their feelings into force to such good purpose that the emancipation of Great Britain was soon effected. And from the passing of the Light Locomotives Act there sprang an energy, an activity, in improving and manufacturing motor-cars that has hardly been paralleled in the engineering history of the world. It seemed as if a vast pent-up force had been let loose; brains, energy, and money were all forthcoming, and in an incredibly short space of time a new industry came into being.

Naturally many difficulties were encountered by the pioneers of the movement. Save in a modified form in the gas-engine, the principles of power-production by internal combustion had been little studied, little understood, and totally undeveloped. But the French, who had had the advantage over us of an early start, were making rapid strides in the evolution of the petrol motor, and it may be confessed without shame that most of their improvements were

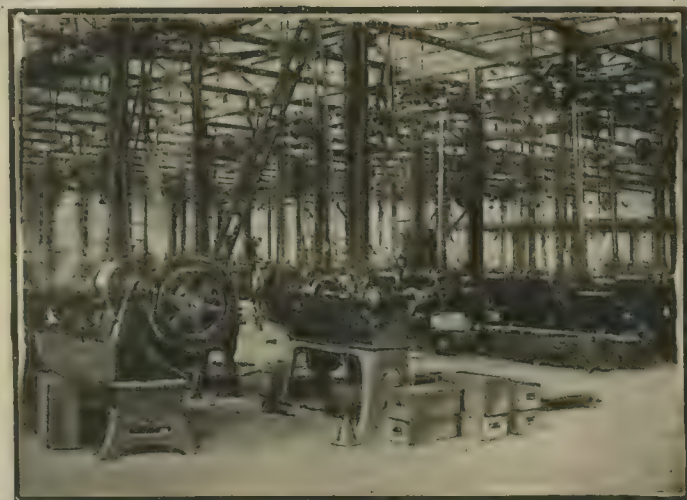
share of the Scotchman's dour determination, and they were endowed with a liberal engineering education and brains to use it to the best advantage. The earlier chapters of their manufacturing history were filled with disappointments, rebuffs, and losses, such as would have discouraged men of less indomitable will and perseverance, but having chosen their *métier* the controlling heads of the concern proved themselves worthy descendants of the heroes of bygone days—they eliminated the word failure from their vocabulary, and full of confidence in the future, devoted all their energies to the problem before them. It is unnecessary at this time of day to add that they have been richly rewarded, that their optimism and their courage have been more than justified. Their marvellous success is public property, and their cars are running in every quarter of the civilised world.

Throughout all the Company's career the central figure, the controlling force, has been Mr. Alex. Govan, and it is only bare justice to say that to his force of character, unflagging energy, and organising genius the Company owes its proud position as the greatest concern of the kind in the United Kingdom, and one of the most remarkable engineering developments in the world.

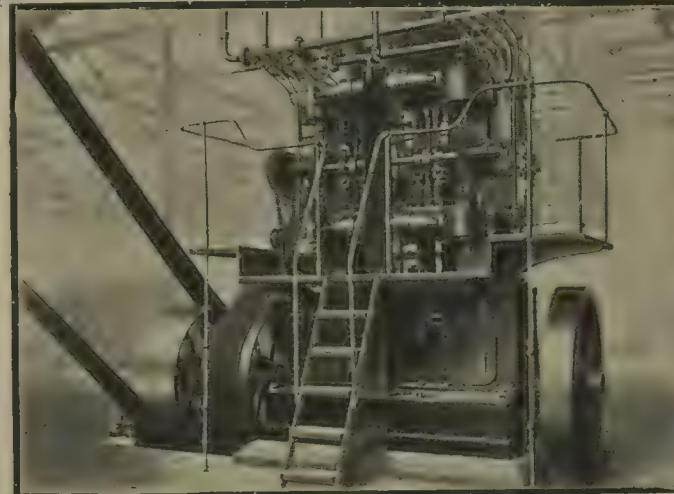
It was in 1901 that the Argyll car first proved its merits in open competition, and its performance was, as on many subsequent occasions, quite unique. The first year of the twentieth century was, as many readers will remember, the year of



BACK-VIEW-OF-THE-WORKS



A MAZE OF BELTS AND SHAFTING



ONE OF THE 15 GAS ENGINES
100 H.P. EACH

freely adopted in this country. British inventors and manufacturers quickly learned all that France had to teach them, and then they struck out on independent lines, with the splendid results that all who have eyes to see may observe for themselves.

One of the firms who were actively engaged in the motor movement in its earlier days was the Hozier Engineering Company of Glasgow, now known to all the world as Argyll Motors, Ltd., whose rapid rise to a commanding position in the British motor-car industry reads more like a

romance than a tale of plain, unvarnished fact. The Hozier Company started operations in a very small way. It possessed but little money, its experience of motor-cars was naturally limited, and it was placed at a disadvantage in being located in a district in which the new locomotion was as yet unknown and not at all favourably regarded—the proverbial Scottish caution operating in this as in many other matters to check any tendency to premature enthusiasm. The originators of the Hozier Company, however, owned some valuable assets. They had a full

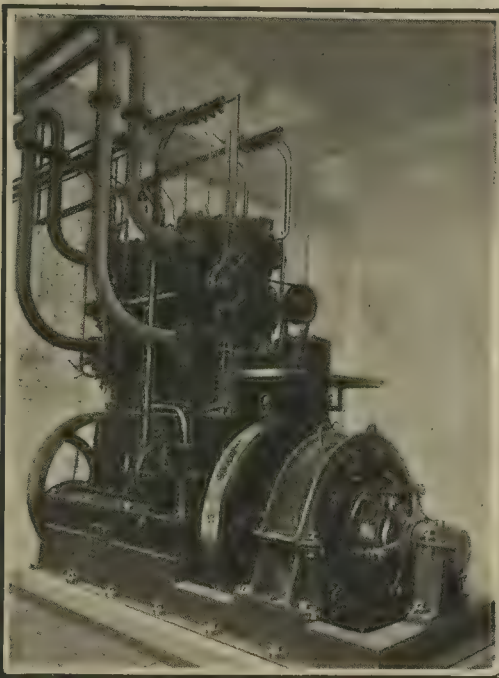
the great International Exhibition in Glasgow; and the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland paid Glasgow and Scotland the compliment of making the exhibition their headquarters for the annual reliability trial.

This trial consisted of five daily runs aggregating 535 miles, over some of the most difficult roads within a day's journey of Glasgow; and an Argyll car achieved the distinction, not only of completing the course without the loss of a single mark, but of being the only car in its class to do so. It was also driven up the famous

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE "ARGYLL"

Whistlefield Hill—first included as a hill-climbing test and then withdrawn—with its full complement of passengers. Previous to this trial the Argyll was practically an unknown car, but its marked success forced its merits on the mind of the public, and in succeeding years it has continually strengthened its claims. "Reliability" has always been the watchword of its makers, and the Argyll car has achieved a non-stop in every reliability contest in which it has been entered. Space will not permit the cataloguing of its many victories here, but it may be said that from 1901 down to the present year it has placed to its credit an unbroken series of successes, the latest being the winning of the challenge shield in the four days' reliability trial organised by the Motor Union of Western India last January.

To what do these competitions lead? In the first place, to public confidence. Reliability trials, unlike mere speed contests, bring out just those qualities for which the potential purchaser of a motor-car for every-day use is seeking—such qualities as reliability and simplicity of mechanism, smoothness of running, hill-climbing capacity, and durability—and consequently a car that is uniformly successful in reliability tests



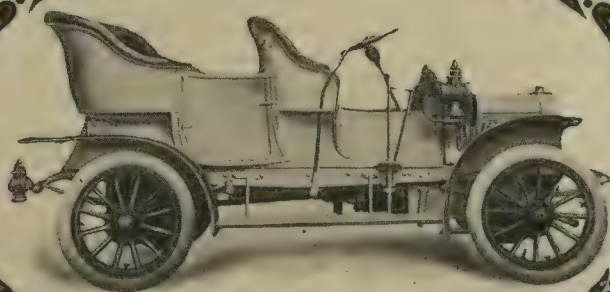
ONE OF SEVEN DYNAMOS
IN THE POWER-HOUSE

In the way of consideration for its employees the Argyll Company has made an innovation which should have far-reaching consequences, and which affords another proof of the thoroughness characteristic of all its methods. It is undeniably correct to say that it is the first industrial concern in this country, if not in the world, to establish what may be called a properly organised recreation department. This department has been placed in charge of a professional musician, a member of the famous Scottish Orchestra, who has the reputation of being an exceptionally clever conjurer and drawing-room entertainer. The large hall in the office buildings, accommodating 500, will, through the Company's generosity, be placed at the disposal of the employees, who will have the assistance of their "concert director" in organising entertainments of various kinds.

At the present time the Company employs about 2100 workers, but this number is continually being added to, as the various manufacturing shops in the new works are opened up, and before many months it will be nearly doubled. The productive capacity of the works is fully 3000 complete cars per annum, and further



A GROUP OF
BULLARD BORING
AND TURNING
MACHINES



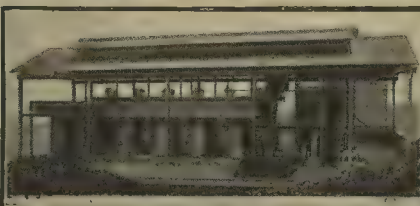
1906 MOTOR-CAR



A CORNER OF
MACHINE
SHOP

is equipped with a certificate of its fitness for touring and for town use. In the case of the Argyll, the money, time, labour, and worry involved in contesting a close series of competitions had been well spent, because of the successful results. These have proved the car's merits, and have undoubtedly been a leading factor in developing the enormous demand for Argyll cars, not only in this country, but abroad—in India, Australia, New Zealand, the Continent of Europe, and America.

The works of the Argyll Company originally occupied a portion of an old bicycle factory on the west side of Hozier Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. In course of time the entire factory was absorbed, then additional premises on the other side of the street were taken. Presently the huge establishment at Crownpoint was acquired, and the coach-building department transferred there to give more room in Hozier Street. Other additions have been made from time to time, yet the Company were always hampered from want of room. So congested did the factory become that early last year the directors decided upon a further extension, bigger by far than any other which had taken place previously. Sixty acres of ground on the Tullichewan estate at Alexandria were secured. In the month of April the first sod was cut, and the first 100-h.p. engine in the machine shop was running before the end of June. The factory, which covers about fifteen acres, has a magnificent frontage to the Loch Lomond road, the office buildings extending to about 550 feet. The various manufacturing shops are built in parallel lines at right angles to the office buildings, and are so arranged that they can be extended at any time without interfering with work or the workers. In the design and construction



GAS-PRODUCE PLANT

of the buildings the comfort and health of the employees have been kept prominently in view. Not only the office, but the entire factory is warmed by hot air, which is passed through a filter before being discharged into the buildings. Electric light, manufactured on the premises, is used everywhere, and there is an ample supply of hot water in every department, so that no worker, however "messy" his occupation, need be seen outside the factory with dirty hands. A locker is also provided for each man in which he can keep his coat and hat while he is clothed in the neat uniform supplied by the Company, and the completeness of the firm's provision for all possible contingencies is shown by the fact that a room in the office buildings has been specially designed and equipped for ambulance purposes.

extensions can be made in the manufacturing shops at any time. Two railway sidings have been led from the Dumbarton and Balloch Joint Railway right into the works, and by means of these cars can be loaded into railway trucks and dispatched to all parts of Scotland and England—the Dumbarton and Balloch Railway being in direct communication with the Caledonian and North British Railways, which in turn work with all the great English trunk lines. From other points of view also the site of the works is an admirable one. It is within the West of Scotland engineering zone, forming a part of that long line of great engineering and shipbuilding concerns beginning at Glasgow and stretching for nearly twenty miles along the banks of the Clyde and the Leven. In the immediate neighbourhood are the prosperous towns of Dumbarton, Renton, Bonhill, Jamestown, and Alexandria, while a little way off is Loch Lomond, and the highway to the Highlands passes the gate of the factory.

It would be futile to attempt here any detailed description of this magnificent factory. Suffice it to say that in design, in organisation, and in equipment every improvement that human ingenuity could devise has been introduced, the machine shop being filled with the finest and most expensive machinery both of home and foreign make. The employees work in healthy and comfortable surroundings, and everything conduces to the production of good work. The factory system followed involves close inspection at every stage with rigorous tests; and those who have seen these methods in progress can have no hesitation in endorsing the opinion of one well qualified to judge that Argyll cars, famous as they have already become, are but at the beginning of their future greatness.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.



THE ROYAL PARTY ENTERING THE STADIUM.



THE GERMAN GYMNASTS VAULTING THE HORSE.



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THE SWEDISH TEAM IN THE ARENA.



THE ROYAL PARTY IN THE STADIUM.



Winners.
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FENCING: GERMANY v. ENGLAND (SCHON v. SELIGMAN.)



Seligman. Desborough. Cook. Duff-Gordon. Robinson.
THE ENGLISH FENCING TEAM, WHICH DEFEATED
THE GERMAN FENCERS.



THE KING OF GREECE AND THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND,
KING EDWARD AND THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

During his visit to Athens, the King hardly missed an opportunity of being present at the Olympic Games. His Majesty took the greatest interest in the fencing between the English and German teams, in which the Englishmen were victorious by nine hits to two. The English competitors were Lord Desborough, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, Mr. C. Newton Robinson, and Mr. Edgar Seligman. Mr. Theodore Cooke directed the fighting. In the tandem-bicycle race the victors were J. Matthews and A. Rushden, both of the Putney Athletic Club.



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LADIES' PAGES.

THE ex-Empress of the French, having been born on the fifth of May 1826, has reached her eightieth birthday. In any case, a romantic interest must have been felt in the attainment of this advanced age by a lady whose career is a part of history, and one, moreover, which will always remain a remarkable illustration of the vicissitudes of human destiny; but that interest is deepened by the supposition that she has counted for much in the conversion of Princess Ena, and in the Princess's consequently becoming a possible bride for the Catholic monarch whom she is to wed. It is an open secret that another of our Princesses was first thought of as the King of Spain's bride, but she ultimately refused to consider as possible the change of her Protestant faith. Princess Ena, owing to the close affection displayed towards her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, by the Empress, has been much and frequently in the company of that devoted daughter of the Roman Catholic Church, and almost insensibly must have learned to regard her friend's religion with interest and sympathy. Princess Beatrice and her daughter have frequently stayed with the Empress at her Riviera villa, and notably it was there that the Princess went for change of scene and repose after the death of Queen Victoria. The Empress feels that she owes affection to Queen Victoria's children, for the late Queen, herself the descendant of a long line of monarchs, showed to the Empress, born in a far lower rank, as much gracious attention, both in her days of splendour and in her exile, as if she had also been of royal blood. The oft-repeated gossip that Princess Beatrice would have married the Prince Imperial if he had lived can hardly be true, for religion would have affected that case far more closely than it does the present one. But the Empress never forgets that at her only child's funeral all the Princes of England attended as pall-bearers, and Queen Victoria herself watched the passing of the cortège; while the last will of the Prince Imperial began with expressions of gratitude for the kindness received by his family from our royal house—kindness which, no doubt, the Empress thinks she has now been able in part to repay.

It is interesting to recall that the Empress Eugénie is of mingled Scotch and Spanish and French descent. She had a Scotch grandfather in the person of her mother's father, Mr. Kirkpatrick. He was a native of the town of Dumfries, who entered a business house in Spain, and there married a lady whose family was originally French, but had long resided in Spain. Mr. Kirkpatrick's daughter by this union married the Count de Teba, afterwards Montijo; and while one of the daughters of the Count de Teba is the Empress Eugénie, another also made a distinguished marriage, which in a



A NOVEL DESIGN FOR CLOTH.

The spade front of the corsage has the merit of novelty. The dress is of grey cloth, trimmed with bands of black cloth, outlined with white, and has a lace vest and hat of crinoline with black plume.

way connects her with this country—namely, with the Duke of Berwick and Alba, a Spanish grandee who is lineally descended from the Stuarts, and whose Scotch title is not recognised in our Peerage only because of the attainder which was never reversed.

It must seem to the Empress as if the events of her imperial life had happened to her in a previous existence, so long has she outlived them, and so completely has everything altered. It is half her lifetime since she ceased to lead a brilliant Court. The story of her escape from France on the downfall of the Empire has recently been retold in the posthumous memoirs of the American dentist, Dr. Evans, to whom she turned for succour when absolutely deserted by every courtier—indeed, by every Frenchman. It is a most discreditable fact, something that could hardly be believed if it were not certainly true, that of all the men who had shared in the splendour of her Court, and prospered by means of the Second Empire, not one was found to stand by the Empress at the moment of danger; and that she was allowed to go forth from the Tuileries to meet and deal with the chances of her lot in the streets of Paris, filled with the revolutionary mob, unaccompanied by a single man! A faithful woman, her reader, Madame Lebreton, a sister of General Bourbaki, kept by her side and shared her danger; but one after another of the few men who started with her on her escape from the Tuileries left her during her passage through the galleries of the Louvre; the Austrian Ambassador alone remained with her until she found a cab; and when she and her woman friend had entered the street vehicle, he too lifted his hat and turned away, leaving the delicate and beautiful lady to face alone the terrible perils of the streets swept by a mob infuriated against her above everybody! The Empress was driven to an address which she had given on the spur of the moment to the cabman—that of a flat where a friend lived on the fourth floor in the Boulevard Haussmann, but there nobody was at home. The cab had been discharged, and the lonely Empress-Regent of France sat with the other lady for a quarter of an hour on the stone staircase, hoping in vain that someone would return to the flat. Then they slowly descended the stairs, and wandered for a time helplessly through the streets before they could find another cab to drive them to the other side of the Arc de Triomphe, to the house of the American dentist, who rose to the occasion and protected her till she escaped from France. Well might the poor lady in that deserted hour wonder if there had been around her in those bygone eighteen courted and flattered years anything but lip-service, self-seeking, and duplicity! And how bitter must now be such memories, if vividly retained!

Miss Ellen Terry cannot feel with Mrs. Siddons that her services to dramatic art have not been adequately recognised. Her portrait by Mr. Sargent, recently presented by Mr. Duveen to the nation, is now in the Tate

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HIS MAJESTY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.
HIS MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND
KING OF PRUSSIA.
HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA
AND KING OF HUNGARY.
HER MAJESTY QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SPAIN.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ITALY.
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SAXONY.
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SWEDEN.

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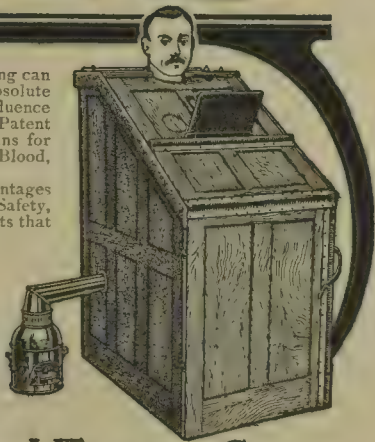
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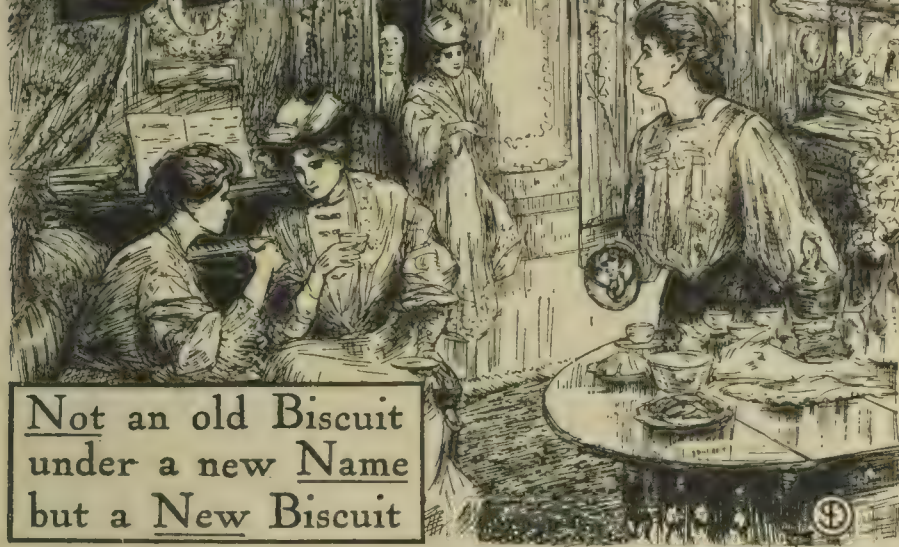
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Gallery, and a very fine piece of artistic work, of course, it is; but one feels a sense of regret that it should not be in one of her gentler parts that Ellen Terry will thus be presented to posterity. For it is her womanly sweetness that is most distinctive of her personality; it is as Portia, as the Vicar of Wakefield's Olivia, as gentle Imogen, and other such supremely gracious characters as those that her contemporaries will remember her, rather than as presenting the terrifying and ruthless cruelty of Lady Macbeth. Very characteristic of Ellen Terry is a recent reminiscence of hers. She tells how when she was but sixteen she dared to rebuke the scandal-mongering and unkindness of speech then heard in the green-room. She had sat listening with growing scorn to the petty scandal; but at last she rose, and spreading out her skirt in the style Mr. Chippendale had taught her for "The School for Scandal," she made an effective exit, exclaiming, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will never come into the green-room again. I leave my character behind me!" She thinks that there is nowadays far less of such evil-tongued unkindness than there was of old; but perhaps the truth is merely that she has now gained the power to suppress that which she detests in her own presence. There surely is still too much scope for improvement, and not in green-rooms alone.

"Times change, and we change with them." For many years past, Indian and Ceylon teas have so swept the market that it has been almost impossible to obtain China tea, which was, nevertheless, the beverage known to our grandmothers by the familiar name. Indian and China tea form as absolutely different drinks as, say, Moselle and champagne, or porter and mild ale. China tea is now, however, in the whirligig of time, regaining a considerable share of patronage, and to meet the wants of those tea-drinkers who prefer its more delicate flavour and aroma, the United Kingdom Tea Company, of Empire Warehouse, Finsbury, are making a special feature of pure China teas of really choice quality. This company supply the public direct, and anybody unacquainted with the peculiar qualities of China tea should write to the address just given for samples, which are sent free on application.

Spring cleaning is in full progress, and it ought to be remembered how much it can be helped by having the best appliances for aiding in the process. Indeed, where there is a constant use of certain aids to cleanliness there never arises great necessity for a spring clean—the place is kept always in proper condition and merely requires a little extra polishing up for the bright summer sun to look in upon. An admirable help to the housemaid at all times is the sanitary polish known as "Ronuk," which is used in most hospitals and in places like the Tate Gallery, Hertford House (the home of the Wallace Collection), and the National Gallery, precisely because it is at one time a sanitary



ELEGANT SIMPLICITY IN MUSLIN.

The masculine ideal for a youthful and pretty wearer: a simple muslin frock, with frills of itself, and black silk revers and belt. Hat to match.

and a polishing agent. It is applied to polishing and cleaning all woodwork, furniture, doors, linoleum, leather, and papier-maché. This is the description of the "Household Ronuk," which is sold in tins of various sizes, from a penny upwards. Then there is carried on by the Ronuk Company a department of the business for laying or preparing floors for polish; and to use on polished floors there is a "Ronuk" floor-polish. The company supply also a special brush for applying easily the "floor Ronuk" to any polished or parquet floors. Then they put up natty little six-penny boxes of their shoe-polish, both for black and brown footgear, with brush and polishing-cloth all complete—invaluable for flat-dwellers and travellers. A booklet on floors can be had from "Ronuk," Portslade, near Brighton, but all stores keep all the firm's polishes.

Messrs. Mellin's recently published book, "The Care of Infants," gives some excellent advice. For hand-reared infants the food best adapted must fulfil the following conditions: it must contain substances which closely resemble the components of breast-milk; the components must be in proper proportion; it must be in a form suited to the simple conditions of digestion during infancy; and the total quantity given must be just right. Three-fourths of the infants who die under the age of one year are those fed artificially, and most of these deaths are solely attributable to unsuitable food. The book tells how to use Mellin's food to meet all cases' requirements, and gives many useful hints.

Little loosely hanging bolero coats are the prevailing fashion in tailor-made dresses, whether of the corselet persuasion as regards the skirt or with a separate shaped and fitted waistbelt. The trimming and the length of the coat are points left quite open to fancy, and many are the variations therein observed. The length is naturally less when a corselet skirt is worn than when a belt is used. There are, however, excellent belts in black elastic, some seven or eight inches deep, and embroidered and buckled with steel or gold, which fit in to the figure as well as the best-cut corselet, and are quite worth showing under the edge of the bolero. White cloth, in all its tones, from pure white, through cream, to zinc on the one hand, and almost stone-colour on the other, holds the premier place in fashionable favour. Let no poor girls try to wear it, for perfectly spotless condition is essential. Irish lace is a most esteemed trimming, both on the bolero and on the blouse, which probably shows more or less under the coat, at the throat and ends of the sleeves, at least, if not more fully down the front. The extreme width very often of the sleeves of a bolero—reaching only to the elbow, in practically all cases—gives them a cape-like effect. Beneath such a full, loose coat-sleeve, the blouse-sleeve has its own importance. Pelerine capes are also worn, to oblige the "fussy" sleeves of a blouse. These little capes fit into the waist, and spread out over the shoulders; but they have no sleeves of their own, leaving freedom to the gown.

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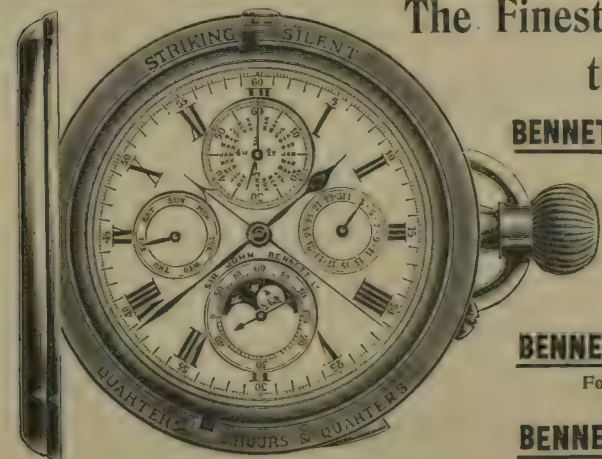
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

SIR William Richmond's memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will be unveiled at Hawarden on Wednesday, July 25, by the Bishop of St. Asaph. The date is the anniversary of the double wedding at Hawarden of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Lord and

parish church of St. Pancras. The consecration of a Bishop in his own church is a rare event. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. C. Brookes, curate of St. Pancras, who said that Dr. Paget had received the best of all training for the episcopate, a long and varied experience of parish work. His sympathy had more than anything else won for him

portrait was presented to the Baptist Union last week. Mr. Collier sat next to the Rev. C. Silvester Horne

Viscount Falmouth presided over the large gathering held at Truro last week, when the Bishop of St. Germans was presented with a pectoral cross and a set of episcopal robes in recognition of the long services rendered by him as Archdeacon of Cornwall. Lord



Photo, Cozens.

PRACTISING LIFE-SAVING WITH THE BREECHES BUOY ON SOUTHSEA COMMON.

The Naval Reserve men, many of whom are fishermen, are exercised with the rocket life-saving apparatus. They practise bringing shipwrecked sailors ashore with the breeches' buoy.

Lady Lyttelton. In the same week Mr. Gladstone's grandson celebrates his coming-of-age, and special sermons are to be preached on the Sunday following by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Stepney.

Two windows of stained glass have been placed in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in memory of Prebendary Kitto. The windows were unveiled by Lord Kinnaird last week in the course of a special service conducted by the present incumbent, Prebendary Shelford.

The consecration of Prebendary Paget, D.D., as Bishop-Suffragan of Ipswich took place last week in the

the hearts of his people. Amongst the prelates who attended at the consecration were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Oxford and Norwich.

On Tuesday next an important meeting will be held at the Caxton Hall under the auspices of the Sunday Observance Committee. This will be a united gathering, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed the wish that Churchmen should co-operate with Nonconformists in promoting the better observance of Sunday.

The Hon. John Collier was amongst the large gathering in Bloomsbury Chapel when Dr. Clifford's

Falmouth spoke of the valuable educational work done by the Bishop, and the help he had given as adviser to three Bishops of Truro. V.

The Orient Company have arranged that their cruising steamer *Ophir* on her first cruise to Norway this season shall visit Trondhjem at the time of the Coronation of King Haakon. The *Ophir* will leave London on June 15, and Grimsby on the following day, and after visiting some of the most beautiful fjords in Norway, will arrive back on June 29.



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THE OPERA.

AMONG the novelties that Covent Garden will present during the season "The Barber of Baghdad," by Peter Cornelius, is one of the most interesting. The composer was born in 1824, and died when he was fifty years old. His life was a very quiet one, for though he lived in stirring times, and had rare musical gifts, they were allied with uncommon modesty. An intimate friend of Liszt, and later of Richard Wagner, Cornelius was a man of wide reading, and of considerable attainment outside the realm of music. In England he is known best by his songs, some of which are exceedingly beautiful; but in Germany his comic opera, which we are to hear on Tuesday next, is reckoned among the finest work of its kind in the Empire. "The Barber of Baghdad" is, of course, founded upon the story in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" that deals with that "Shavkh of Ill-Omen," Abdul Hassan Ali Ibn Becar; but Cornelius does not follow the unknown author of the stories. In the book the Barber introduces himself to a young man who is going out to see his lady-love and wishes to be shaved. Although the hour of the appointment is so close at hand, the Barber proves a very Ancient Mariner to the impatient lover, and insists upon imparting information that is more interesting than relevant. For instance, he tells him that "whoso cutteth his hair on a Friday, Allah shall avert from him three score and ten calamities!" When at last the young man manages to escape, the Barber follows, and creates so great a disturbance at the lady's house that the lover jumps out of the basket in which he is hidden in order to make his escape. He slips, and is lamed for life. Broken down by this misfortune, he leaves Baghdad and travels. In the end the Barber comes to high honours, being created a Barber-Surgeon to no less a personage than the Emperor of China. Cornelius has treated the story on less tragic

lines, with the result that he gives a most amusing comic opera in two acts. On Tuesday next, when the opera is given for the first time in England, Fräulein Burchardt will sing the music of the fair lady "whose face was as the moon at its full," and Herr Knüpfer will take the part of the Barber of Bad Omen. Herr Jörn will sing the part of the lover, Nureddin, and Herr Zador

dancing, and the difficulty associated with the restoration of ballet to its proper place has been largely concerned with rehearsals. Throughout the season the stage is in demand all the day, and while an opera may be rehearsed for some time in other parts of the house, a ballet must be kept on the stage. On this account it would be difficult to produce a new ballet at

Covent Garden, but there is nothing to hinder the production of works that have been given elsewhere. Consequently the directors are bringing over part of the *corps de ballet* from the Brussels Opera House, and will produce the ballet written by Gluck for his opera "Armide," and Messenger's pretty *divertissement*, "Les Deux Pigeons." Mlle. Boni has been selected for the post of prima ballerina, and Maître Ambrosini will act as ballet-master. Ballet should be a welcome addition to the programme on evenings when one of the lighter operas on the programme is down for performance.

During May the Mermaid Repertory Theatre will present Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," and in July some open-air performances will be given of George Peele's pastoral play, "The Arraignment of Paris."

In connection with the Elizabethan fête to be held on behalf of the King's College Hospital Removal Fund at Lincoln's Inn on May 23 and two following days, there will be numerous attractions, including short plays to be given by Mr. Arthur Playfair and Mr. Nigel Playfair, and a variety entertainment, at which Miss Mary Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Marie Studholme, Mr. Cosmo Lennox, and M. Malini, the celebrated conjurer, have kindly promised their assistance. Various dances will be arranged by Mrs. Wordsworth and Madame Katti Lanner, and there will be a display of fencing, arranged by Lord Howard de Walden.



THE SEASIDE IN LONDON: SAND CASTLES AT THE PASSMORE EDWARDS VACATION SCHOOL. Following the example of the Passmore Edwards Vacation School, the City Corporation has decided to provide the children who play in Finsbury Circus gardens with a sand-pit containing real sea-sand. The cost will be £10.

that of the Caliph, while Dr. Richter, who knew the composer, will conduct. Cornelius wrote two grand operas, one "The Cid," which was produced for the first time at Weimar some forty years ago, and another "Günlod," which was finished by another hand after the composer's death.

It is no secret to many people that for a year or more the directors of the Syndicate have been considering the advisability of restoring ballet to the opera. There have been unmistakable signs of a revival of interest in

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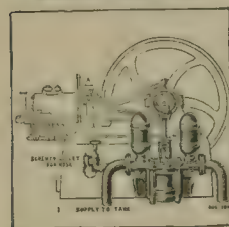
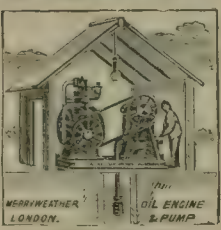
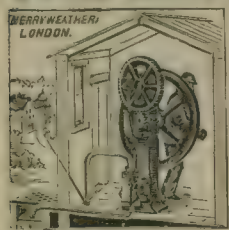
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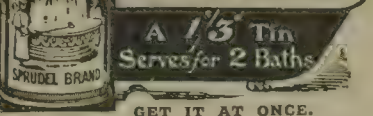
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ART NOTES.

AT the Graves Gallery, in Pall Mall, Lady Butler's exhibition, "In Many Lands," reminds us that her fame was first noised abroad as that of a painter in water-colours. Before her "Roll-Call" mustered all the town and found none "missing" before it, she had shown two or three water-colours, which Tom Taylor picked out for special praise in the *Times*. Some sixty or seventy drawings are now on view. They show us the painter in her more impressionary moods, they show her, too, with a freedom of touch rarely attained in oil-colours, and with a more varied palette than is usual with her in the other medium. We get the excellent draughtsmanship—a word which has generally justified its exclusive masculinity—to which she has accustomed us; we get the discerning differentiation of faces and figures; above all, we get action; but with these achievements, familiar at her hands, she appears here besides as a reader of Nature's moods and as a renderer of the ever-varying effects of light.

Such drawings as "With Despatches; Breaking Through the Boer Cordon," "The Halt" of the Enniskillens at Aldershot; the "Goat Herd" on the Nile Delta; the amazingly alive "Bersaglieri," at Venice; or the "Ready for the Start" on a Holy Land Pilgrimage or that far different "Start for the Horse-Race," reminiscence of the old Roman Carnivals—all these illustrate Lady Butler's art in its more accustomed paces. They are bits of drama presented with surprising vigour and actuality. But for the pure beauty of landscape, for the sense of colour, and for the quality of repose, to be found in other drawings, the public may perhaps be less prepared. We allow ourselves to name "Franciscans," "Ramleh and the Judean Hills," "Bethany," and

"St. Jean d'Acre," where, indeed, among the unnamed, remain many drawings of equal excellence.

At Mr. Paterson's gallery, in Old Bond Street, a small exhibition of water-colours and work in black-and-white includes also two pastel-sketches of Mr. J. M. Swan's, "A Polar Bear" and "Head of an African Lion." However slight a drawing may be from this artist's hand, it is sure of its own completeness—it is authentic; it has the right basis. Mr. Crawhall, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Mr.



ARRIVAL OF EXHIBITS AT THE EXHIBITION GROUND.



Photos, Topical.

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY STATION.

THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT MILAN.

On April 30 the King and Queen of Italy inaugurated the section of the exhibition for international commerce and industries. The exhibition is still far from complete.

Arthur Rackham—these names are enough to show the judiciousness of the selection made by Mr. Paterson. Mr. Craw-

hall's "White Drake" and "Chinese Goose" attain, in their own department of subject, a freshness and a distinction which belong equally, in other departments, to Mr. Cameron with his "Laroche," or Mr. Nicholson with his "Study" of a head. In "A Silly Season Grievance," Mr. Rackham displays the real wit of theme and of handling which it has already been our pleasure to

acknowledge in him. Altogether Mr. Paterson manages to get together a composite exhibition, which has throughout a rare note of character.

Also in Bond Street will be found—at the Dore Gallery—an exhibition of work done by members of the Felix Art Club, including Miss Hilda Fearon's "End of the Avenue," a delightful evening effect, and Mr. E. Phillips Fox's noticeable "Lady in Black" and "Harvest Field." The visit of the French Fleet to English waters has not escaped the eye of Mr. A. J. W. Burgess, nor the catalogue the entry "L'Entente Cordiale." At the Fine Art Society's may be seen a gathering of drawings and prints illustrative of the Universities and Public

Schools. Some three hundred aquatints, lithographs, engravings, and mezzotints recall the graver aspects of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, and the rest; while the hand of the caricaturist is not absent. The pleasant water-colour and pencil drawings of Oxford and Cambridge as they are to-day, sent by Mr. Wallace Rimington and Mr. Matthison, will attract, although a greater success of curiosity will be secured by a sportive presentation of the past, such as that of the Eton and Westminster boat-race at Putney in 1843.

The crowd at the National Gallery continues to gather round the Rokeby Venus. It is "the picture of the year," a safe prophecy, whatever may be the "surprises" of the season otherwise. In the galleries of contemporary painting, such as the Royal Academy, "surprises" have apparently become a thing of the past. The public that loves to be astonished gets no

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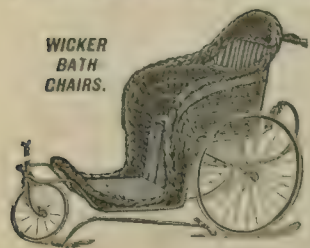
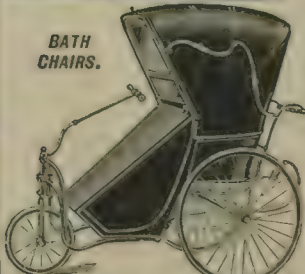


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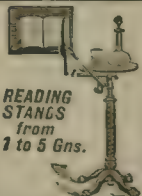
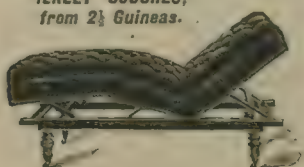
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Zam-Buk is a pure healing balm made from rich medicinal herbs, the saps and juices of which are cleverly combined and concentrated, and wonderfully refined. Many modern preparations contain quantities of animal fats and mineral poisons, and are not only coarse, irritating, and unreliable, but tend to create the very complications which should be guarded against.

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Mrs. C. Carter, of 25, Church Road, Tottenham, writes: "One morning, while getting ready for school, my little girl scalded her arm from the elbow to the wrist. It was a terrible scald, and the skin was blistered to such an extent that I quite expected them to burst and leave her with a bad arm. However, I applied Zam-Buk lightly for a few days, and the arm healed up beautifully. The blisters did not break, and the new skin grown by Zam-Buk was beautifully soft and clear. It is impossible to tell that the arm has been scalded."

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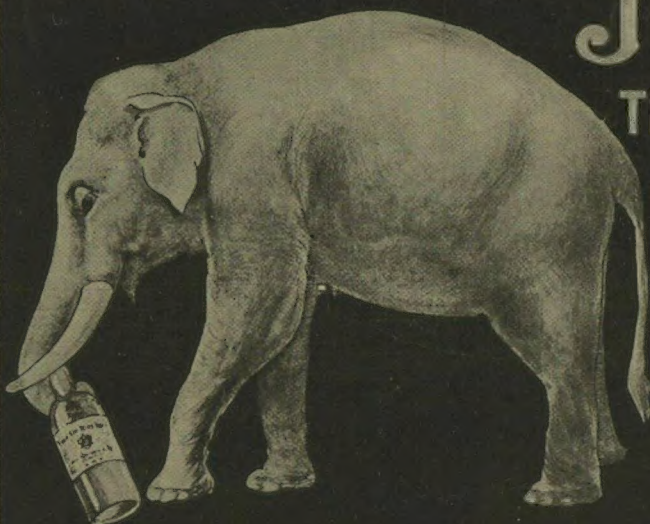
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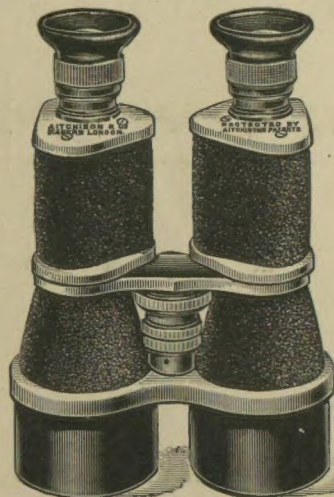
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satisfaction for its craving from the revelation of a serious talent; it must take greedily what gratification it can get from the easy paradox of the stage and the dinner-table, where the unexpected—the tiresome topsy-turvy—has now all but supplied its own antidote—it has become the expected.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has given sittings to Mr. Neville Lytton for a portrait, and to M. Rodin for a bust.

At the Olympic Games at Athens, the twelve-miles race was won on an Imperial Rover bicycle.

For quite a generation the Prospect Hotel has held place among the great and fashionably attended hotels of Harrogate. With the delightful expanse of the lower Stray opening from its windows, the picturesque aspect of the views it commands can never be diminished or interfered with. In point of situation "the little pleasaunce" and other reserved open grounds render the hotel sufficiently secluded in point of tranquillity and privacy, while its position in the very heart of the gaiety and fashion resorts of Harrogate is an advantage that can never again present itself to future ventures.

Mr. Peter Keary, himself a successful man, would have all young men follow in his steps. In "The Secrets of Success" (C. Arthur Pearson) he has set down a series of homilies, abounding in the plainest commonsense, for the guidance and instruction of youth. He is personal, reminiscent, anecdotal, at times even erudite, and he always goes straight to the point. Mr. Keary hates a loafer, and for such the book is not. The author, indeed, regards the shirker as quite hopeless. But for the youth who is willing to plod, and to improve his mind in the intervals of business, he shows the path to fortune, and presumably to fame. Above all he advocates intelligence. If one reads it must be with the enquiring mind. No chance allusion should be skipped. It must be diligently hunted down, and in the end the reader ought to become as encyclopædic as his instructor.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Nov. 18, 1904) of MR. CHARLES LOWTHIAN BELL, of Ashgate, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough, ironmaster, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on April 19 by Mrs. Helen Bell, the widow, and Henry William Ferdinand Bolckow, the gross value of the estate amounting to £182,864. The testator gives £1000 each to his godsons, Donald Cargill Bell and Peter Lawrence Richardson; and out of a sum of £40,000, or one-quarter of his estate, whichever shall be the larger, £2000 is to be paid to Henry W. F. Bolckow, £1000 to Thomas Belk, and the remainder to his wife absolutely. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and on her decease he gives £20,000 to his nephew Maurice Hugh Lowthian Bell, £10,000 to Walter Lyulph Johnson, and the ultimate residue to his nephews and nieces, as his wife shall appoint. Should Mrs. Bell not exercise her power, then he gives three-eighths thereof to Maurice Hugh Lowthian Bell, one-eighth to Gertrude Bell, one-sixth to Walter L. Johnson, and one-twelfth each to Ivor Lowthian Johnson, Arthur Lowthian Godman, Herbert Godman, and Laurence Godman.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1903) of MR. ROBERT LINDLEY, of Greatham, Durham, and late of the Royal Exchange, London, average-adjuster, who died on March 20, was proved on April 20 by Arthur Lindley, Ernest Robert Lindley, and Henry Thomas Lindley, the sons, the value of the property amounting to £98,217. The testator gives £2000 each to his sons Henry Thomas and William Edgar; £1000 to his niece, Eliza Helen Lindley; and small annuities to his brother and sister-in-law. The residue of his property he leaves to his four sons—Arthur, Ernest Robert, Henry Thomas, and William Edgar, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 8, 1899), with four codicils, of MR. THOMAS HENRY PRESTON, of Moreby Hall, York, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on April 21 by Henry Edward Preston, the son, the value of the estate being £125,629. The testator appoints £5000, part of the

funds of his marriage settlement, to his son, and one moiety of £19,900, subject to the interest of his sister, the Baroness von Langen, in trust, for his daughter, Pamela Mary. Subject to the payment of annuities to his daughters Maria Emma Georgina and Pamela Mary, he leaves the residue of his property to his son.

The Scotch Confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 4, 1901) of SIR JAMES PERCY MILLER, Bart., of Manderston, Berwick, who died on Jan. 22, granted to Sir George Lauderdale Houstoun Boswall, Thomas Manbourg Bailie, Major Alfred Douglas Miller, the Hon. Francis Nathaniel Curzon, and William Hugh Murray, was resealed in London on April 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £324,536, exclusive of £112,760 abroad.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1904) of MR. ALFRED RUSSELL DONISTHORPE, of Quenby Hall, Leicester, who died on Jan. 27, has been proved by Frederick Russell Donisthorpe, the son, and Miss Fanny Elizabeth Donisthorpe, the daughter, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £205,954. The testator gives £100 per annum each to his granddaughters Primrose Donisthorpe, Madeline Wallace Howard, and Vera Wandby Griffin; £550, an annuity of £600, and such furniture and effects as she may select, to his wife Mrs. Sarah Donisthorpe; £100 to Frederick Pochin; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Frederick Russell, Fanny Elizabeth, Celia Maud Heriot, Ida Margaret, Orsyala Mary Churchward, and Beatrice Minnie Griffin.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1904) of SIR AUGUSTUS HELDER, of Whitehaven, Cumberland, for many years M.P. for Whitehaven, who died on March 31, was proved on April 21 by Miss Caroline Helder, the daughter, Lewis Thomas Helder, the nephew, and the Rev. Rees Keene, the value of the property being £25,872. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 25, 1904) of MR. JOHN HARRISON, D.L., of Snelston Hall, Derby, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on April 24 by the Rev. Wilfrid [Continued overleaf]

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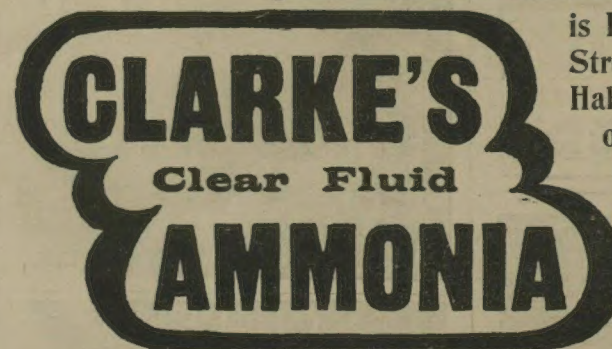


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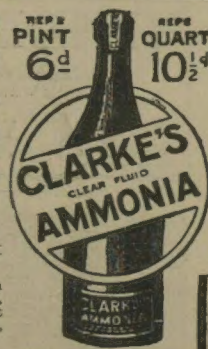
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IS YOUR SKIN HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL?

THERE is nothing that makes itself so quickly apparent as skin illness, and it must be remembered that the skin is just as liable to become unhealthy as any other part of the body. No one would willingly suffer from any skin ailment, and, as a matter of fact, there is no reason why anyone should do so, because, by the adoption of a very simple but exceedingly safe and successful treatment, every variety of skin complaint may be cured. That is the first fact to remember. The next is that under the one term, skin troubles, is included a large number of skin affections. Under this heading is included such slight ailments as chaps, redness, roughness, irritation and chafing of the skin, cracked lips, as well as severe troubles such as eczema, psoriasis, and other serious skin ailments, but every form of skin trouble may be cured by the "Antexema" treatment, and there are tens and hundreds of thousands of people who have been cured by this wonderful remedy.

There need not be the slightest hesitation about adopting the "Antexema" treatment. It is thoroughly scientific, and was the discovery of a well-known doctor, so that it stands in a totally different class from quack remedies, and the evidence of its success is overwhelming. There is not a day passes without the makers receiving one or more letters from grateful correspondents, who tell the story of the way "Antexema" has cured them. One day it is a letter from someone who had suffered from eczema for years, another it is from a lady whose face has been cleared of pimples, a third it is from a former sufferer from chilblains, who has found in "Antexema" a perfect cure from the worrying irritation, and a fourth day it is from a mother whose child has been cured of nettlerash or some other infantile skin ailment.



Before using "Antexema." After using "Antexema."

The originals of these letters may be seen in the makers' office by appointment, and they are always pleased to show them, as they are more convincing as to the merits of "Antexema" than anything they can say.

As you read this article you will readily recognise whether you are suffering from any skin complaint, and

if you are, please remember that the "Antexema" treatment is the one certain way of curing yourself of your trouble. You need but to put "Antexema" to a practical test and you will soon be convinced that the firm have not in the least degree exaggerated its virtues. "Antexema" does all, and more than all, claimed for it.

Everyone is naturally sensitive about the appearance of their face, neck, or hands, and "Antexema" can be



Before using "Antexema." After using "Antexema."

used with the utmost certainty that it will remove pimples, blackheads, chaps, and other similar troubles, which, though slight, are very humiliating, but it is just as successful for severe troubles of the face. The following is a letter written by a schoolmaster: "I have been a great sufferer from eruptions since October, and have tried endless remedies to no purpose whatever. Without any hope of its doing me any real good, I bought a bottle of 'Antexema.' It is nearly used, and the result is an almost clear face, and, not only that, but a healthy looking skin and a feeling of better health generally. As organist and schoolmaster it has been a dreadful ordeal for months to have to face inspectors, clergymen, &c., with such a disfigurement." This letter is typical of many others received during the last twenty years, and conclusively proves the value of "Antexema."

Eczema and other skin troubles are not, however, confined to the face, neck, and hands, but they attack every portion of the body, and the letters received afford striking evidence of the discomfort, misery, and even torture inflicted. Many writers explain not only that they have suffered for years, but that, in some cases, they have been unable to sleep comfortably for months. The moment, however, that "Antexema" was applied, the irritation stopped, and a complete cure was effected. There is no case too severe for "Antexema" or too slight and unimportant for it to be used with benefit. Some of the most striking cures effected by "Antexema" have been in the cure of children, and it may safely be applied to the skin of even a new-born baby.

In most homes cold cream or some similar preparation used to find a place, but such emollients are now supplanted by "Antexema," as it possesses virtues of which they are entirely destitute. At the best they can only cool and soothe the roughened and chafed surface, but

they cannot cure the trouble, and many varieties of skin affection are actually made worse by using cold cream and greasy ointments. From every possible point of view "Antexema" is far superior, and those who wish to have a clear complexion, spotless neck, arms, and hands, should consult their mirror day by day, and use "Antexema" immediately they perceive it to be necessary. As a result the health of their skin will be thoroughly maintained.

To keep the skin healthy and beautiful is a matter of intelligent care and attention. If, when the first signs of skin trouble make themselves apparent "Antexema" is applied, the progress of the affection will be stopped and the skin will be kept pure, clear, and healthy. Chapped, chafed, and irritated skin is quickly relieved by the soothing, healing, curative influence of "Antexema," and that is why a bottle of "Antexema" should always be kept ready for use. The family handbook on "Skin Troubles," enclosed with every bottle, will show you scores of directions in which "Antexema" proves beneficial, and the advice as to diet and other points are exceedingly valuable and useful, because thoroughly accurate and in accordance with the latest medical and scientific knowledge and discoveries regarding the hygiene of the skin.

"Antexema Soap" is another great aid to skin health and beauty. "Antexema Soap" possesses the fragrance, healing, refreshing, and antiseptic influence of the pine forest, and it is a wonderful soap for red, rough, or oily skin, keeping it free from blackheads and pimples, and should, therefore, always be used for bath, toilet, nursery, and shampooing purposes. All Chemists supply "Antexema Soap" in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Easily obtainable of leading Chemists and Druggists in India and the British Colonies and Possessions. With every bottle of "Antexema" is enclosed a copy of the makers' family handbook, "Skin Troubles," explaining the cause, nature, and way to cure every form of skin affection. A copy of this little book should be in every home.



"Antexema" cures all skin troubles in every part of the body.



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Every contagious disease results from neglect to destroy the germs from which it originates. The use of Izal daily for sinks, drains, traps, w.c.s, dustbins, &c.,

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The little book Dr. ANDREW WILSON has written on this subject will be sent you free if you write to NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., Ltd., Thorncliffe, near Sheffield (Dept. 43).

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James Stanton, the nephew, the value of the estate being £314,467. The testator gives £500 each to his nephews, Henry Stanton and the Rev. Wilfrid James Stanton; £200 to his cousin, Mary Young; £100 each to his godchildren, Gilbert Hamilton, Margaret Chandos Pole, and Mary Prideaux Brune; and legacies to servants. His real estate and the residue of his personal property he settles on his sister, Juliana Stanton, for life, with remainder over to his nephew Henry Stanton and his heirs male.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1901) of MR. HADEN CORSER, of The Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex, one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, who died on March 9, has been proved by Alfred Mildmay, Henry Bucknall Betterton, and Gilbertson Smith, the value of the property being £36,215. He gives the use of the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Mary Lord Corser; £100 and during the life of her mother £300 per annum to his daughter Margaret; £50 each to his executors; and

legacies to servants. On the decease of Mrs. Corser he gives to his daughter such a sum as will, with what she will receive from the funds of his marriage settlement, make up £30,000. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property to his son, William Blacklock Haden Corser.

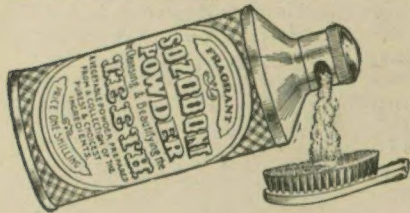
The will (dated Nov. 4, 1890) of MR. RICHARD RUDGARD, of Scalby Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on April 12 by Mrs. Jane Eliza Rudgard, the widow, and the Rev. Richard William Rudgard, the son, the value of the property being £45,748. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his wife for life or widowhood, and then in equal shares to his children.

Those who find the use of the ordinary railway timetable difficult and complex will welcome the new "A.B.C." Guide, which has been issued by the Great Northern Railway Company. In this time-table are

alphabetically arranged the train services from London to the numerous towns in the Midlands, Yorkshire, the North of England, and Scotland, served by the Great Northern Railway. The book also contains the London suburban services, and is embellished by a good map. Copies may be obtained at any Great Northern office, or from the Chief Passenger Agent at King's Cross. The price is one penny.

The Midland Railway Company have just sent into traffic a first instalment of a series of new covered trucks for the conveyance of motor-cars over their line. These vans have been specially built for the purpose, and are fitted with side and end doors, the latter being so arranged that the largest cars can be conveniently and easily loaded. The trucks are thirty-one feet in length, and are as high as they can be built within the loading gauges. The company has much pleasure in commending this announcement to car manufacturers and others.

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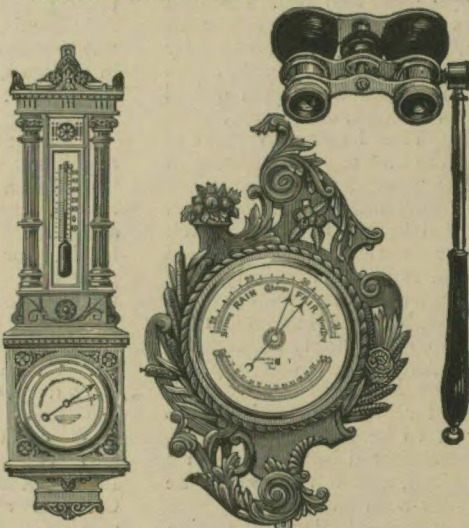
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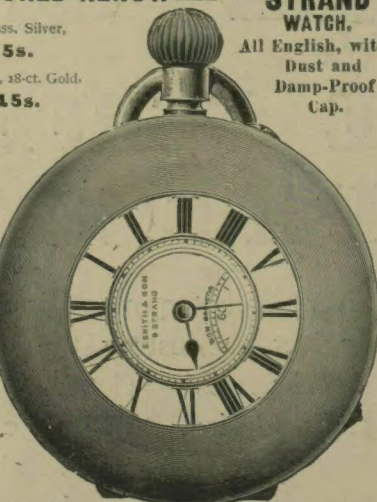
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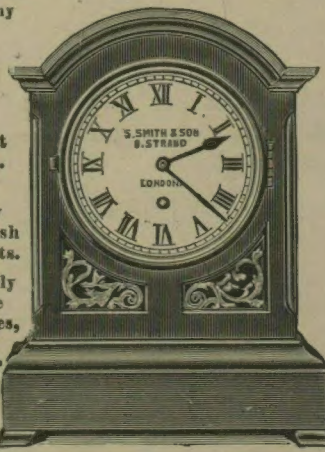
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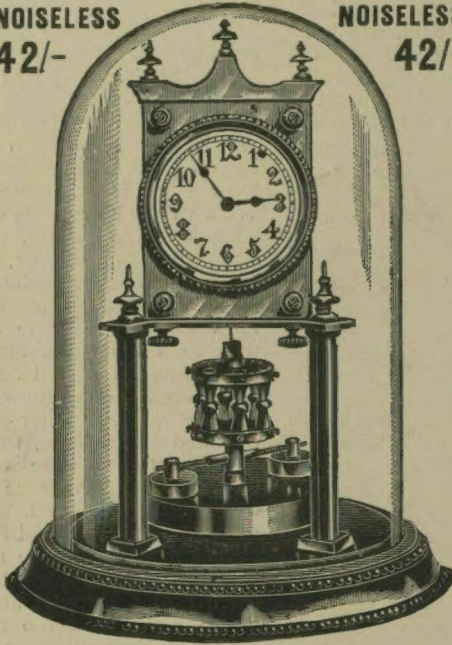
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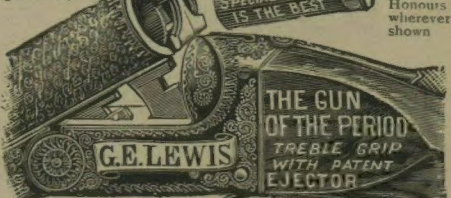
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